

LONDON WELSH TRAINING AT LLANDUDNO

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1915

16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

THE VICTORIOUS SWOOP OF FORTY BRITISH AIRMEN ON THE
HIDING PLACES OF THE HUN PIrates.

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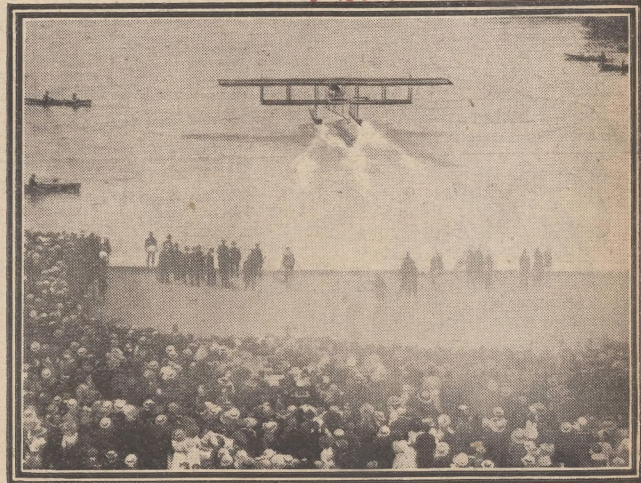
This is a photographic diagram of an organised flight of aircraft. Great Britain has developed the deadly new fighting force to a greater degree than any other nation.

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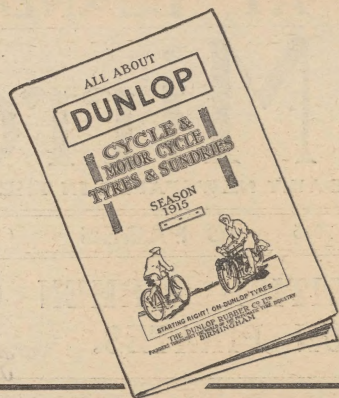
What a waterplane looks like when it is travelling at full speed.



How a waterplane starts and rises from the water into the air.

Just as our soldiers, according to one of General Sir John French's earlier dispatches, have established a "personal ascendancy" over the troops of the pirate Kaiser, so our magnificent airmen have obtained a similar ascendancy over his flying men. The remarkable efficiency and development in tactics and daring of our army

of the air have been one of the most wonderful features of this almost world war. Two short years ago people stood and stared at a single aeroplane as something which was the latest marvel of science. To-day one fighter fleet alone of forty aircraft is the result of British brains and enterprise.



HAVE you had your copy of the "All About" booklet? It tells you all about Dunlop cycle tyres and sundries. If your agent cannot supply—and he is sure to have had a big run on his stock—send a postcard direct to the Dunlop Rubber Company.

When you have read through the booklet you will no longer be in doubt as to what tyres to fit for the coming season.

DUNLOP

WARWICK & CAMBRIDGE TYRES

constitute a perfect range

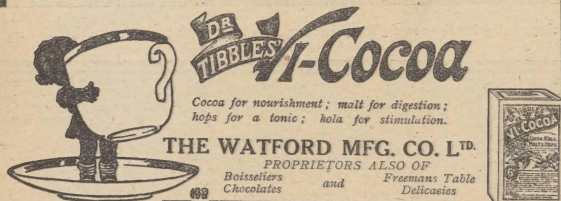
The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 146, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

A FREE CUP OF COCOA

is given with this week's *Home Notes*, where you will also find full particulars of a grand Picture Puzzle Contest—complete in one issue of this popular ladies' weekly.

FIRST PRIZE £50

and over 1,000 Prizes to a total value of £300.



Gibbs's Dentifrice

is British, of course!

This delicious dentifrice is made by the famous English house of D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., manufacturers of the well-known Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap (in the pink wrapper) and Shaving Soaps.

Not a wasteful powder, not a messy cream, but a solid cake of delicious dentifrice in a dainty aluminium box; Gibbs's Dentifrice is not only delightful to use and thoroughly efficient, but also most economical.

"Like a Breeze in the Mouth"

6d. and 1s. of all Chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Dentifrice, Cold Cream Soap and Shaving Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps. Let the children keep the stamps from each package of Gibbs's preparations. An important announcement will be made shortly. D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dent 3E), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. Established 1772.



Little Mary Gibbs.



The Weak and Ailing restored to Health.

Health! New health—glorious, vigorous health—is yours to command. What a blessing to be free from that Weakness, Anæmia, Nerviness and that "Run-down" feeling. How splendid to feel new, revitalised blood dancing through your veins—and every fibre of your body thrilling with new life. That is "Wincarnis" health—the health that "Wincarnis" creates.

And this is the reason. "Wincarnis" is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in a delicious life-giving beverage. It creates new strength—and at the same time new vitality—and at the same time new blood—and at the same time new nerve force. That is why "Wincarnis" enjoys such unparalleled popularity amongst millions of people at home and abroad. And that is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.

WINCARNIS

is a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, Nervy, Run-down—to all liable to Coughs, Colds, Chills or Bronchitis—to all suffering from the intense weakness following Influenza—to all martyrs to Indigestion—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts." "Wincarnis" offers prompt relief, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. You can feel it doing you good—you can feel the new rich blood dancing through your veins—you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new life. All Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers sell "Wincarnis." Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co., Ltd., W 242, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name.....

Address.....

"D.M." 18/2/15.

PERSONAL.

DROO—W1 dirgy wri. B1 klrhv. Oimtrm.—Mruz. E.—Thanks letter; write weekly; fondest love always yours.
—G.

FRIENDS traced! Perceptions stopped! Shadowing!—Rivers, 20, Regent-st., London.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

A Trouseau—24 Nightdresses, knickers, chems, petticoats, etc.; 25s. easy payments.—Wood, 21, Queen-st., Leeds.
MEN'S Boots, 18s. 6d.; easy terms, 2s. 6d. monthly; send 2s. 6d., with size, for sample pair.—Masters, Ltd., Hope Street, Rye. Est. 1865.

Articles for Disposal.

A CUTLERY Service, 50 pieces 25s. A1 silver plate, finest Sheffield knives, ideal wedding outfit, everything required; perfectly new; approval, willingly.—Mrs. Rowles, 58, St. George's, Manor Park, Essex.
A pressing dinner set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hooter jug, teapot, and a set of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece china and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.
12 O-MAGNIFICENT 20s. night and day wristlet or 12 S pocket timekeeper; luminous dial and hands, brilliantly flashing the time "like a searchlight" in pitch darkness; five years' warranty; tremendous "war-time" bargain, only 12s. 9d., post free.—Streets, 47, Strand, London. Catalogues free.

Wanted to Purchase.

A ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; Est. 100 years.
A ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought; on valuations, up to A 5s. 6d. per tooth; silver, 10s.; gold, 12s. 6d.; platinum, 21 15s.; immediate cash or offer.—Call or post, mentioning "Daily Mirror." Messrs. Paget, 219, Oxford-st., London. Estd. 150 years.

CASH by Return for old Jewellery, artificial teeth (any condition), watches, silver and plated articles, curios.—Stanley and Co., 35, Oxford-st., London, W.
CAST-OFF Clothes—Lingerie, Teah, Jewellery, etc.; best prices; buyers attend; quick, certain, cheap; trial parcels.—Myers, 36, Notting Hill-gate, W. Phone 1845 Park.
L'ANY Dress Costumes wanted; must be in good condition; good prices given; send carriage forward.—Child, 52, Hill-st., Birmingham. Ref.: Lloyds Bank, Colmore-row, Birmingham.
CENT'S Ladies left-off Clothes; old false teeth; good A prices.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.
SCRAP Platinum, Gold, Dental Alloy and Silver; purchased for cash; highest prices; free return.—Fraser (Ipwich), Ltd., 2, Princess-st., Ipswich. Established 1853.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

CORNS Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 7d.
DRINK Habit Cured secretly, quick, certain, cheap; trial free, privately.—Fleet Road 211 C-2, Dorset-st., E.C.
HOW to Cure Nervous Breakdown.—If you have wrecked your nerves by overwork or worry, and you feel weak, worn out or jaded, write for my free booklet on "Nervous Breakdown"; if you feel mentally upset, depressed or suffer from neurasthenia, it will teach you more in 5 minutes than you will gain in years by experience.—Address Charles Gordon (Dent 5), 60, Great Russell-st., Bedford, Yorks.
LUXURIANT Hair.—Grey hair restored to its natural colour; baldness prevented and positively cured by using "Luxur Hair Tonic," no dangerous ingredients; trial package to readers of this publication, 1s., post free.
Underwood, 7, Harrington-st., Salisbury, Wilt.
SUPERFLOUS Hair Removed in a night; new, harmless method.—Send 7d. Chemist, 17, Hampstead-gate, E. Sachcharin Tablets; 11 place of sugar, 500s., 500s., 1s. 10d.; 3 bottles, 5s. 3d.—Coverdalls, Chemists, York.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

LADY Reid's Teeth Society Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at hospital price; weekly if desired.—Call or write, Sec. 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5559.

HANDY BOY SCOUTS BUILD HUTS AND STABLES FOR TROOPS.

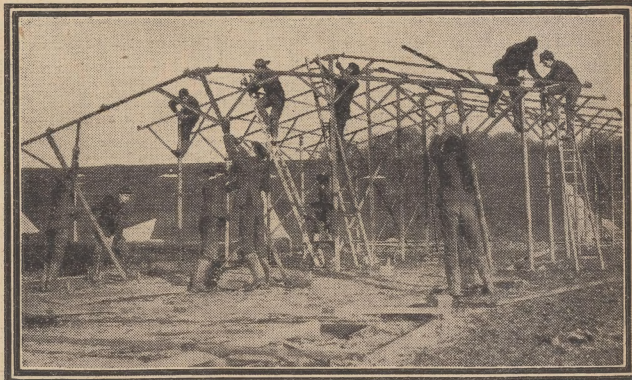


Hard at work tightening up the bolts at the top of the building.

Boy scouts have long since been recognised as practical workmen. They can turn their hands to almost anything. Two hundred of them from Birmingham offered



The brisk way they bring up the new material on the trolleys.



Engaged in the difficult work of raising and fixing a new standard.

their services to the War Office. These were at once accepted, and the scouts are now tackling the business like old hands. Their enthusiasm is a big asset.

ALLEGED BOGUS NAVAL OFFICER.



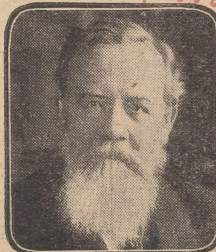
When Arthur Llewellyn was remanded at Llanely for felony it was stated that he called himself a "Second Lieutenant of H.M.S. Tiger." He bolted from the police-station and, outdistancing his pursuers, was only caught by a detective on a cycle.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.



Miss G. Smalley, engaged to Surgeon W. H. Edgar, of H.M.S. Superb.

CLERGYMAN DEAD.



The Rev. T. Mitchell, ex-president of the Free Church Council, who has died.

"MISS" EMMY DESTINN, U.S.A.



The famous prima-donna is tired of being an Austrian subject. As she is the leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, she has decided to become a good citizen of the United States.

GIRLS' INVASION OF NEWSBOYS' REALM.

Two "Flappers" Selling Papers at London Railway Station.

NO CHEEK TAKEN.

London newsboys will have to look to their laurels.

Their exclusive sphere of labour has at last been invaded by women—or rather girls—and, what is more, the "newgirl" has been found to be an immediate success.

She does not cry out her wares in a loud, unmusical voice as do the boys; she just smiles and you immediately purchase the magazine or newspaper, which often you may not want.

Two pretty "newgirls," Miss Wilson and Miss Martin, have started work in London—they are employed in the smoky, unromantic region of Farringdon-street Station.

Each is the superintendent of a little book-stall on the platform, and here, surrounded by magazines and with newspapers over their arms, they smile sweetly at all comers.

COUN'T GET BOYS.

The girls were employed in the first instance as no boys could be obtained for the work. "After vainly appealing for boys for three days, I decided to advertise for girls," said the manager of the bookstalls at the station to *The Daily Mirror*.

"I advertised for girls, and the next day there were over fifty personal applications and some forty applications by letter." I selected the two girls we have here, and they started work last Monday. Immediately the sale of papers at their stalls went up!

"They seem to like the work very much, and they have shown remarkable business-like ability. They are more business-like than the boys and, in many ways, more reliable."

The small corps of newsboys who are still at Farringdon-street Station treat their feminine rivals with great respect—if they don't they soon know it. The two girls are both seventeen years old and announce their intention of putting their hair up shortly.

REFUSED TO BE PATRONISED.

At first the newsboys were inclined to patronise "these girls" who had come into the business. But any attempted cheek was soon crushed. To-day the boys are only too glad to wait on the girls and run errands for them.

The Misses Wilson and Martin are two very attractive-looking girls, who at the same time are quite cool-headed and business-like.

Yesterday Miss Wilson was presiding over her stall, keeping an account of all the books and newspapers sold. I love the work, she said.

"In the evenings we boys sell the evening papers to business men. They are all very nice to me."

It is probable that in the event of the scarcity of boys continuing more girls may be pressed into occupations usually held by their brothers.

"To get a good office boy just now is practically an impossibility," said a business man yesterday. "So many of the young men have enlisted that the youngsters have been drafted into their places to do the work. One may advertise for a boy or apply at the Labour Bureaus for two or three days on end, and there will be no result."

THREEDROWNEDIN WRECK

Schooner Sunk After Collision with Tender During Heavy Gale.

Several cases of shipwreck, one attended by the loss of eight lives, were reported yesterday as a result of the furious gale during the previous night and early morning.

The schooner *Katherine* in the Mersey off Liverpool after collision with the tender *Magnetic*, and three of her crew of four were drowned.

At Holyhead during the night the three-masted schooner *Reaper* of Caernarvon, began to drift seawards just after she had dropped anchor inside the breakwater, finally striking the boulders outside.

The steam lifeboat went out and saved three men, and two men jumped from the rigging on to the breakwater at great peril.

The steam lifeboat's funnel was hurled out of its place by the strong wind.

A large steamer, *C. P. No. 5*, went ashore on the rocks at Flamborough Head during a gale yesterday, the crew being rescued by the Flamborough lifeboat.

The Worthing lifeboat yesterday put out to the rescue of the vessel in distress, the sails of which had been blown away. The launch was effected with the assistance of hundreds of soldiers, who dragged the boat along the front, and a number of men went into the water waist deep to speed the launch.

Over 3,000 acres of land in Monmouthshire were yesterday under water.

"ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN."

That the Scottish railways still remain outside the agreement arrived at by railway managers and the men's representatives on the question of wages, was a statement made yesterday by Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

Much as I regret to say it, Mr. Thomas declared, "anything may happen. Of course, we are striving for peace and doing all we can to get them to come in, but we cannot be responsible for what may happen."

BOXER'S LIBEL SUITS.

Judge Consolidates Five Actions Against Newspapers by Johnny Summers.

"TIMID FOR A FIGHTING MAN."

A number of libel actions which Johnny Summers, the boxer, is bringing against various London newspapers formed the subject of an application yesterday to Mr. Justice Darling, who was asked to consolidate them.

Mr. McCordie, for the newspapers concerned, said Summers complained of a telegram from Melbourne with reference to his fight with Alf Morey, which was sent out by Reuter's Newsagency, as follows:—

At the Stadium here (Melbourne) Alf Morey defeated Johnny Summers on a foul in the seventh round. Summers had been unfair throughout, and struck the referee when the decision was announced.

Later, said counsel, it was ascertained that some of the statements were not correct, and various papers in July published an apology to the effect that they had since heard that Summers had not struck the referee.

The boxer commenced a large number of actions against the papers.

Mr. McCordie went on to say that five papers wanted their cases heard together. Summers was claiming the same amount of special damages against each paper.

Mr. Justice Darling: I see the advantage of that.

Mr. Hogg said Summers objected to the consolidation of the cases.

The Judge, however, he seems to have missed the analogy of fighting and thinks the consolidation of the actions will let half a dozen people come into the ring against him at once. I think he is unnecessarily timid for a fighting man. (Laughter.)

"I shall make an order consolidating the cases," continued the Judge, "because really he has only one cause of action. The whole thing seems to depend on a telegram which was sent out by an agency supplying news to a large number of papers. They were all acting on the same telegram."

ROSE OR SHADOW PROBLEM

Women Busy Buying Cretones to Brighten Up Home in Spring.

Cretones are occupying the attention of many women at the moment.

When the spring sun looks in at the windows women are wont to exclaim: "Oh, dear, how the sun shows up the deficiencies of cushion covers, the upholstery and the carpets! We really must do something."

This year, *The Daily Mirror* was told at a large West End establishment, "doing up" of the home is not likely to include paperhanging, as there are no new wallpaper designs at all for this coming spring.

But the rooms must be freshened up, and, in due time, with as little expense as possible. Women therefore are already rushing to buy cretonnes to cover chairs, Chesterfields, cushions, and to make curtains.

Chintzes, which form the material of the pretty old-fashioned floral covers, are quite out of date. *The Daily Mirror* was told, because they are very expensive to clean, the glazing costing so much.

Reversible cretonnes, being of softer material, have altogether taken their place, and some of these, very artistic in design, are being sold as cheaply as 8d. a yard.

Many women were choosing cretonnes yesterday in the shops and debating whether to adopt a bold floral design of roses for their rooms or to choose the "shadow" cretonne, which is also of floral design, but subdued and softened in coloring.

Reversible cretonnes, in which the pattern is the same on both sides and which can be used as their name indicates, are also in demand.

GERMAN AIRSHIP'S ADVENTURE.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—An airship about 110 yards long, probably of the *Parasol* type, flew over the eastern part of Amsterdam this morning at a height of about 650ft. The crew tried hard to keep the ship horizontal, but succeeded only for a few minutes, and then the ship took a vertical position and proceeded in the direction of the Zuider Zee.

A rope some forty-four yards long was hanging from the car.

At Zebrugge the line became entangled with telegraph wires, but the ship, with a bundle of wires on the rope, disappeared in the direction of Schellingwoude. The airship had apparently been lit by shots.

It flew over the Zuider Zee in the direction of Medemblik.—Reuter.

SEAMEN IN TURKISH PRISON.

On learning that the captains, officers and crews of the British steamers *City of Khios* and *Assiout*, now interned in Turkey, had been removed by the authorities from Smyrna to prison at Gotsia, the Imperial Merchant Service Guild addressed urgent representations to Sir E. Grey, and also to the United States Ambassador at Constantinople, protesting against Turkey's action.

Sir E. Grey has now asked the United States Ambassador to take such action as may be possible on behalf of the crews.

WHERE BREAD IS COSTLY.

Tunbridge Wells and Herne Bay Share High Price Record.

NINEPENCE PER QUARTERN.

Which town can claim the distinction of paying the highest price for its bread?

For several days past London has been paying 7½d. and 8d. for the 4lb. loaf.

But bread is even more expensive elsewhere. On Monday, for example, it rose to 8d. at Worthing. This, it was claimed, was the highest price in the country.

That is not the case. The good people of Herne Bay and Tunbridge Wells are paying at the rate of 8d.

All over the east and south-east of England bread is phenomenally dear, as the following figures show:—

	Per 4lb. Loaf.		Per 4lb. Loaf.
Brighton	8½d.	Hastings	8½d.
Balcombe	8½d.	Herne Bay	8d.
East	8½d.	Tunbridge Wells	8d.
(North)	8½d.		

Meanwhile London housewives have been anxiously inquiring whether the price of bread is to advance again in the metropolis.

"It will not go up again for some little time," the editor of the *Baker and Confectioner* told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

In America, where we get a large portion of our wheat supply, bread is very much dearer than it is in England."

BRICKS FOR FAIRY QUEEN.

Scottish Soldier's Quaint Gift from Trenches to Little Miss Lennie Deane.

Wounded soldiers home from France have had none of the sentiment knocked out of them by their hardships in the trenches and on the battlefield.

Little Miss Lennie Deane, who was the Fairy Queen in *Cinderella* at the Aldwych Theatre, has been inundated with letters from these brave warriors, who have sent her sweets and presents throughout the run of the pantomime. One of them, a corporal in the London Scottish, who has since returned to France, has



MISS LENNIE DEANE.

written to her frequently. In his first letter he sent her some sweets of his own making, and after his return to France he sent her a box of bricks from the French trenches.

Besides delighting soldiers home on leave from the front by her acting on the stage as fairy queen, Miss Deane has given pleasure to many gallant wounded soldiers at various hospitals she has visited.

She told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that she loved the brave wounded soldiers, but she also loved the boys who were going out to fight.

WOUNDED MAN TO CHILDREN'S AID

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUNDEE, Feb. 17.—Corporal O'Toole, R.A.M.C., who is home wounded from the front, was complimented to-day for an act of splendid heroism at a Dublin inquest concerning the death of Catherine and Annie McCarthy, who were drowned in the Grand Canal.

The girls, who were sisters and aged ten and thirteen respectively, were walking by the canal and a hoop they were playing with rolled into the water. Catherine tried to recover it and fell in, and her sister, in trying to rescue her, slipped down the bank.

Hearing their screams, Corporal O'Toole, who was in bed in a house near by, rushed out and tried to save the girls, but they were dead when he got them out of the water.

GERMAN INTRIGUES IN RUMANIA.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—The Nish correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* says that the German and Austrian Empires are at the present moment making a supreme effort to bring Rumania over to their side, or, in the alternative, to persuade Rumania to remain neutral. German agents have set up new newspapers at Bukarest, such as the *Zouave*, and bought up existing newspapers, such as the *Serve* and *Minerva*. They have also acquired the control of a literary Review and of various illustrated pamphlets, which are published by a telegraphic agency for circulation among the peasantry. The Germans resident in Rumania are exerting every effort to spread the German propaganda. Exchange Special.

STORY OF WIFE'S STAY IN AN ASYLUM.

Witness in Officer's Divorce Suit and Dog Turk.

'KNEW WHEN NOT TO BARK'

A bull-terrier named Turk, which was said to be a very discreet dog, figured in the Divorce Court yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the petition of Major Broadhurst Dutton, of the Wessex Engineers, for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent, Mr. Douglas Ariel Clark, a Bristol solicitor.

Mrs. Dutton, who denies the charges, is said to have written letters from an asylum, in which she was an inmate for a time, admitting misconduct.

The dog Turk, according to a servant who gave evidence yesterday in support of the husband's case, did not bark at the co-respondent as he did at strangers who visited the house.

The hearing was adjourned.

DELUSIONS IN ASYLUM.

The first witness called yesterday was Mrs. Florence Short, formerly servant at petitioner's house, Belle Vue, Long Ashton (Glos.). She said co-respondent began to call at the house in the spring of 1908. When together they addressed each other as "Dug" and "Ada."

One night Mrs. Dutton telephoned telling witness not to stop up. Later witness heard voices, one the voice of a man. Petitioner was away from home.

Mr. Campbell (for the husband): Was there a dog named Turk?

Did you notice anything about the dog and Mr. Clark?—Yes. The dog did not bark at him as he did to strangers.

Cross-examined by Mr. Barnard, witness said Mr. and Mrs. Dutton did not live happily together. There were times when Mrs. Dutton had violent fits of temper.

"DISTINCTLY WEAK-MINDED."

Witness said the dog Turk was rather a savage bull-terrier.

William Short, husband of the previous witness, said he twice saw Mr. Clark leaving the house between five and six in the morning.

Sir George Savage, mental expert, said he examined Mrs. Dutton in September, 1909, and came to the conclusion that she was distinctly weak-minded, but not of delusory ideas.

Dr. Joseph Thomas, proprietor of Northwood Private Asylum, said the respondent entered the institution in October, 1909, and was discharged in May, 1913.

When admitted she was suffering from delusions. One was that a coffin or box had been sent to the house, which she was to be put in, and that the coffin was secreted in the house ready for her reception.

The delusions, said witness, continued down to February, 1914, and from that time he observed no indications of delusions.

DREAD OF COFFIN.

Mr. Barnard, K.C., opening the wife's case, said she would not be called, but a doctor would give evidence as to her condition.

Dr. Harold Nuttall, who has attended respondent, said he saw her last Sunday, when she was agitated and had a great dread of appearing in court. If she came it might injuriously affect her mentally.

The co-respondent told how he met Mrs. Dutton at a cricket match in 1907. They met several times afterwards and he had been to petitioner's house. There had never been the slightest impropriety between them.

Answering Mr. Campbell, witness said on the occasions he met respondent she seemed an ordinary intelligent person without any delusions. He did not know that the dog was a friend of his.

Did he ever bite you?—No.

But he did bite some person?—Yes, a boy in the village.

Did this bull terrier ever bark at you?—No.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT'S LETTER.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—A telegram from Berlin states that Sir Roger Casement's letter handed to the Imperial Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs a copy of a letter which he sent to Sir Edward Grey concerning the alleged planned attempt on his (Sir Roger Casement's) life. Sir Roger further showed the Minister the original documents which, he declares, have been written by Mr. Findlay, British Minister to Norway, in connection with the alleged plot.—Reuter.

GAVE BLOOD TO SAVE COMRADE.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—A heroic case of blood transfusion is reported from a military hospital at Le Mans.

A soldier of the 68th Regiment was lying gravely wounded, his only chance of life being the transfusion into his veins of fresh blood. A Zouave who was recovering from wounds in the same hospital volunteered, and three pints of his blood were transfused to the other soldier, who is now recovering.

The Zouave is now lying ill and enfeebled as a result of the sacrifice.—Central News.

GERMANY'S "FATEFUL" ERA OF PAPER THREATS BEGINS TO-DAY

But Hunnish Admiral Says That Fatherland Is 'Very Short of Food.'

U18 SINKS FRENCH SHIP AND CHASES NEUTRAL.

Steamer Blown Up by Bombs—Crew Given Ten Minutes to Clear Out.

FRESH THREAT TO BLOW UP ALL RELIEF SHIPS.

To-day is the day.

It is the day definitely fixed by the Germans for the doom of the British Isles.

Like a Cheap Jack announcing a sensational record sale, Germany has been busy for the last fortnight telling the world at large how she intends to make John Bull's flesh creep.

BUT OUR GREAT MERCHANT SERVICE IS STILL AFOAT.

To be sure, Germany's threats have been varied. We are to be mined; we are to be submarined; we are to be starved.

Incidentally, Germany is doing her level best to quarrel with the United States.

In a tentative sort of way Germany, it was reported yesterday, has already begun the great blockade.

She submarined the British collier *Dulwich* in the Channel near Eretat. This was done in the night and without warning.

A German submarine has also blown up the French steamer *Ville de Lille*. In this case the crew were given ten minutes in which to leave.

As if determined to show that she really does not care a straw about any laws, international or otherwise, Germany yesterday announced that—

Any relief ship coming into the war zone will be blown up.

Meanwhile Admiral Behncke, of the German Marine Department, has to admit that Germany no longer has sufficient food to feed her people.

Her piracy action may end in Germany being landed in a national hunger-strike.

FRENCH STEAMER BLOWN UP BY SEA PIRATES.

Torpedo Boats Frighten U18 from Further Chase of a Norwegian Vessel.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—The following official statement is issued:—

At 1.30 in the afternoon of February 16 the French steamship *Ville de Lille*, belonging to the *Compagnie des Batiments à Vapeur du Nord*, bound from Cherbourg to Dunkirk, when to the north of the *Barfleur* Light sighted the German submarine U18.

The French steamer attempted to make off, but her speed was not sufficient, and the submarine overhauled her and sank her by means of bombs placed in the interior of the vessel after the crew had been given ten minutes in which to save themselves in the two boats on board.

The submarine U18 then steered towards a Norwegian vessel to mete out similar treatment, but had to give up the pursuit by reason of the arrival of a division of torpedo-boats from Cherbourg.

The submarine then took an easterly route, dived and disappeared.—Central News.

FOOD SHIPS TO BE SUNK.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—The German Embassy announces that relief ships entering the war zone will be liable to attack by submarine. It is alleged that British merchantmen have disguised themselves as relief ships.—Exchange Special.

Mr. Edgar Rickard, one of the hon. secretaries of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, told *The Daily Mirror* last night that he could hardly credit the German Embassy's statement that relief ships from America to Rotterdam will be liable to attack from submarines when in the war zone.

Mr. Herbert Hoover, our chairman, has just returned to London from Berlin," he said, "and he has been officially assured that the ships will have a safe passage to Rotterdam."

"It is to the Germans' own interest that the food supplies to the Belgium people are not cut off.

"Fifty-five vessels have now been chartered for conveying cargoes of food from America to Rotterdam, from which port the supplies are immediately dispatched to all parts of Belgium.

"Each vessel bears a huge sign, 'Commission for Relief of Belgium,' which is as much as 80ft. in length." Mr. Rickard added:—

There are also American flags and numerous placards and signs denoting the character of the vessel on all parts of the ship, so that there can be no mistaking what she is.

Somebody must feed Belgium—a nation cannot be allowed to starve.

If Germany doesn't do it, we must. I think the relief ships will be allowed to go through all right.

The Commission for Relief in Belgium is importing foodstuffs to Belgium at the rate of about £1,250,000 worth a month.

"NOT ENOUGH FOOD."

New York, Feb. 17.—A wireless telegram from Berlin to the Associated Press reproduces a statement made by Admiral Behncke, of the Marine Department, to the American naval attaché, Commander Gherardi, in which the following remarkable admission regarding the sea war zone occurs:—

"Since the shutting off of food supplies has come to a point when Germany no longer has sufficient food to feed her people, it has become necessary for Germany to bring England to terms by the exercise of force."

"Germany does not wish to harm American or other neutral ships or cargoes. However, she is in a position where her life depends on her putting into effect the only means she has of saving herself. She must and will use this means."—Reuter.

SHIP TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING IN NIGHT.

German Submarine Watches Crew of *Dulwich* Battling with Waves.

PARIS, Feb. 17.—The Havre correspondent of the *Matin*, giving details of the sinking of the *Dulwich* by a German submarine, states that this act of piracy was committed in the Channel off shore near Eretat on Monday.

The *Dulwich*, described as a British collier of the Port of London, is stated by the *Matin* to have been torpedoed without warning in the night time, and without the commander of the submarine caring whether he jeopardised the lives of the crew.

The weather was clear and the sea very rough. Suddenly a terrific explosion was heard on the starboard side, and it was found that the ship, having just been struck by a torpedo below the water line, was beginning to sink.

TOOK TO BOATS.

Seeing that the lives of his men were in peril, the captain ordered the boats to be lowered, and the thirty men of the crew of the *Dulwich* took to the boats.

The ship sank about half an hour. While rowing about at the mercy of the waves, the crew saw the conning tower of the submarine emerge several times for a few brief seconds, apparently watching the boats.

The latter were subsequently observed by the destroyer *Argueuse*.

The destroyer took some twenty-two men on board, but could not find one boat on which there were nine other men.

This boat is believed to have succeeded in reaching Feamp.—Exchange Special.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—The *Germania* says:—

"We, of course, shall place mines before English harbours. We are fully entitled to do so since all the British ports have been declared war ports."

"Our 'U' boats have contrivances for mine-laying and will make lavish use of them."—Reuter.

"NO POWER CAN FORGO RIGHT OF SEARCH."

Britain's Reply to American Note—"Harmless" Ships Can Carry Mines and Torpedoes.

"No Power in these days can afford during a great war to forgo the exercise of the right of visit and search."

That is Sir Edward Grey's firm declaration in Britain's answer to America's Note. The text of the answer was issued last night.

Sir Edward points out, what is common sense, that the great size of modern steamships and the fact that in rough weather it is not possible to launch a boat to board a vessel necessitates that the ship should be taken into calm waters. This must be done in order that even the right of visit, as apart from the right of search, should be exercised.

He reminds America that in the Civil War the United States found it necessary to take vessels in to their ports.

Vessels, which are apparently harmless merchantmen, he reminds the Hon. W. Page, to whom the Note is addressed, can be used for carrying and laying mines, and even be fitted to discharge torpedoes. Supplies for submarines can without difficulty be concealed under other cargo.

He clearly demonstrates that the naval operations of the Allies have had no detrimental effect on the volume of trade between the United States and neutral countries.

ONLY TEN SHIPS.

It cannot fairly be said that shortage in shipping is caused by Great Britain's interference with neutral ships. Only ten neutral ships are awaiting adjudication in Prize Courts.

The detention of neutral ships by Britain with a view to the capture of contraband trade on its way to the enemy has not contributed nearly so much to the shortage of shipping as the destruction of neutral vessels by submarine mines indiscriminately laid by the enemy on the high seas, many miles from the coast, in the track of merchant vessels.

Up till now twenty-five neutral vessels have been reported as destroyed by mines.

Sir Edward reminds America of the many difficulties with which she was confronted in the Civil War, and points out that modern and geographical conditions give a belligerent more opportunities for obtaining supplies through neutral ports.

It is the common experience of every war that neutrals who attempt to engage in suspicious trading are frustrated by a belligerent are won to have recourse to their Government to urge that diplomatic remonstrances should be made on their behalf, and that redress should be obtained for them in this way.

Another circumstance which is now coming to light is that an elaborate machinery has been organised by the enemy for the supply of foodstuffs for the use of the German Army from overseas. Under these circumstances it would be absurd to give any definite pledge that in cases where the supplies can be proved to be for the use of the enemy forces they should be given complete immunity by the simple expedient of dispatching them to an agent in a neutral port.

The reason for drawing a distinction between foodstuffs intended for the civil population and those for the armed forces or enemy Government disappears when the distinction between the civil population and the armed forces itself disappears.

"It will be our endeavour to avoid injury and loss to neutrals, but the announcement by the German Government of their intention to sink merchant vessels and their cargoes without verification of their nationality or character, and without making any provision for the safety of non-combatant crews or giving them a chance of saving their lives, has made it necessary for his Majesty's Government to consider what measures they should adopt to protect their interests."

RUSSIANS SUFFER A SEVERE SET-BACK.

Utter Defeat of Tenth Army and Capture of 50,000 Prisoners Claimed by Germany.

ALLIES WIN TRENCHES.

The Russians appear to have suffered a severe set-back in East Prussia.

In the neighbourhood of the Mazurian Lakes, on the marshlands, the Tsar's troops have had a long and terrible fight against superior numbers, in fearful weather and incessant rains.

The Germans assert that the Russian Tenth Army has been utterly defeated, with a loss of 50,000 prisoners, and that only the remnants of the invading army escaped to woods beyond Suwalki and Augustowo.

The Kaiser, it is stated, saw the decisive fight, which was won by old and very young troops. In the west flank Allies have gained a number of successes. There has been fierce fighting, and at one point ten night attacks by the Germans were repulsed.

KAISER IN FIGHTING LINE

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—An official communiqué issued in Berlin yesterday says:—

In a nine days' battle in the Mazurian Lake district the Russian Tenth Army, composed of at least eleven infantry and several cavalry divisions, was not only driven from its strongly-entrenched positions east of the Mazurian Lake district, but was also thrown back across the frontier and finally, after being almost completely encircled, was most severely beaten.

Only the remains of the army can have escaped into the forest east of Suwalki and Augustowo, pursued by us.

"The deadly losses of the enemy are very great. The number of prisoners has not yet been ascertained, but it is certainly far more than 50,000, and over forty cannon, sixty machine guns and countless war material have been captured."

The Kaiser, in the midst of our fighting line, was present at the decisive battles.

VICTORY OF YOUNG TROOPS.

The victory was gained by parts of the old eastern troops and by young troops who were especially drafted to this region for this task and who proved to be of equal value to their older comrades.

These results were obtained by our troops in the most unfavourable weather and on bad roads, by continual day and night marches and fighting against a tenacious enemy, and are beyond all praise.

Field-Marshal von Hindenburg directed the operations, which were carried through in a splendid manner by Colonel-General von Eichhorn and General of Infantry von Bulow."—Reuter.

"STANDING THEIR GROUND."

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—According to the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*, the *Berliner Tageblatt* learns that the Russians, who were compelled to retire in the Bukovina, have been reinforced by reserves and are standing their ground near Czernowitz, but the Austrians are hemming them in on three sides and a battle will probably take place east and south of Czernowitz.—Reuter.

TEN NIGHT ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In spite of an intense cannonade the French and British aircraft threw bombs yesterday in the region of Ghisteltes and Ostend were able to return unharmed to our lines.

Belgian artillery carried out successful practice on the German concentrations and depots. In Champagne ten hostile counter-attacks were repulsed during the night.

In Argonne there has been considerable activity.

Near Fontaine-aux-Charmes we destroyed a blockhouse and about 100 yards of trenches. A German attack delivered by at least three battalions between the Four de Paris and Hill 263 (east of Boureuilles) was of a very violent character.

We repulsed it completely, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy and capturing prisoners.

Further east, in the Bois de Malancourt, we carried about 100 yards of trench.—Reuter.

"OBSTINATE BRITISH ATTACKS."

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 17.—The following official communiqué from the Main Army Headquarters is issued in Berlin to-day:—

Obviously prompted by our great successes in the east, the French and British yesterday and last night made specially obstinate attacks. The British lost four officers and 170 men prisoners in their unavailing attempts to regain the positions lost on the 14th.

In the Argonne, following up our offensive, we captured a further part of the enemy's main position, taking 350 prisoners, two mountain guns and seven machine-guns.—Reuter.



The steamer *Blakemoor*, which ran ashore near Flamborough Head. The crew of twenty-one were saved by the rocket apparatus.

FAMOUS LOVE PICTURE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Nothing to Buy. Nothing to Sell.

No Competition to Enter.

Encouraged by the great appreciation of readers who responded to our recent offer, from to-day everyone sending the Coupon below will have forwarded a copy of the beautiful Engraving roughly illustrated. Every Engraving presented is guaranteed by the OXFORD FINE ART GALLERIES—a firm established over 33 years and enjoying Royal Patronage—to be printed by hand, by British labour, direct from the engraved plate on fine quality plate paper measuring 22in. by 18in.

Some idea of the value of this unique free gift may be obtained from the fact that the Artist's Proofs (all of which have now been disposed of) were sold at 3 guineas each, and the ordinary India prints at 1 guinea each.

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The famous Royal Academy Picture, "Two Strings to Her Bow," by C. Haigh Wood, Magnificent Engravings of which are now offered free (see Coupon below).

Probably no other picture of its kind, except perhaps its companion picture "To Be or Not To Be," has ever exercised such a fascination in every home circle.

It portrays a scene from which there can be no escape so long as the World lasts and young and lovely woman rules.

Love, Hope, Passion, Jealousy, Despair—all these conflicting human emotions are depicted in the men's faces in striking contrast to the perfect calm and guileless innocence of their fair inspirer. For the first time an engraving of this exquisite Royal Academy picture is now offered free as a sample of the Oxford Fine Art Galleries' famous reproductions to introduce the catalogue of superb pictures which they are now supplying to art lovers all over the world.

By sending the coupon below (together with 6d. for box and postage) you place yourself under no obligation to buy frames or pictures or anything else. The gift is absolutely free and unconditional—if the unrivalled beauty of this splendid engraving kindles in you a desire to buy from the catalogue, so much the better for the Oxford Fine Art Galleries; if not the matter ends with your free gift.

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—Mdes. Delysia, Hanako, Sim, Carroll, Balfour, Messrs. Playfair, Morton in Harry Grattan's Revue, "ODDS AND ENDS," at 9. Preceded by Hanako in "Oleale," at 8.30. Mats. Today and Sat. 2.30.

APOLLO.—Evenings, 8.30.—Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BUSY DAY, by R. G. Carlton. Mats. Weds, Sat., at 2.

COMEDY.—TODAY, at 9. MAT, WEDS and SATS, at 2.30. Preceded, at 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.

DALY'S.—Lester square. EVENINGS, at 8. Mats, Weds and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL. (Special Reduced Prices).

DRURY LANE.—SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED. Tonight, at 7.30. Mats, Weds and Sat., 1.30. George Graven, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Irene Mayer. Last week's Box-office open, 10 to 10. Gerard 2589.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—TODAY, at 2 and 8. CHARLES FRANKLIN presents PETER PAN, by Harrison. (Last 6 Performances). 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 1 and 7.30. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat., at 2.30. GARRICK. At 2.30 and 8.30. THE GIRL IN THE TAXI. Miss YVONNE ARNAUD as "Suzanne."

GLOBE.—Weds, Thurs, Sat., at 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 5913. EVE'S, 8.15. Mat. Weds, Sat. 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in PEG O' MY HEART.

HAYMARKET.—2.30 and 8. THE FLAG Lieutenant. ALAN ARNOLD, WORTH, ELLIS JEFFERYS, GODFREY TEARLE. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat. Prices, 1s to 7s 6d.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—DAVID COPPERFIELD. Tonight, at 8 and 8. Matinees, Weds and Sat., at 2. Extra Matinees, Today and Thurs, next, Feb. 25.

KINGSWAY.—At 8.30. FANNY'S FIRST PLAY. ALAN ARNOLD, LENA ASHLEY. Mat. Weds, Sat. 2.30. JAMES'S.

KINGS AND QUEENS.—A New Play, by Radolf Beiler. EVENINGS, 8.15. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat., at 2.30. Box-office, Ger. 3903.

SAVOY.—TODAY, at 8.30. Mr. H. B. IRVING'S "SEARCHLIGHTS," by H. A. Vachell. At 8, The Plumbers'. Matinees, Weds and Sat., at 2.30.

ROYALTY.—THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. MAT, THURS, SATS, at 2.30. SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. ANIMATED WAR MAPS. LAND AND SEA BATTLES. STRAND THEATRE. Tonight, at 8. JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY. Matinees, Weds and Sat. 2.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

SHAFTESBURY.—THE TALES OF HOFFMANN. Tonight, at 8. MATS, WEDS, SATS, at 2.30. Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

VAUDEVILLE.—Tonight, at 8.45. BABY MINE. At 8.15. WEEDON GROSSMITH. IRIS HOBY. A Man of Ideas. Mats, Weds, Sat., 2.30.

ALHAMBRA.—THE ALHAMBRA REVUE. Including Robert Hale's 'blue-eyed pantomime'. Varieties, 8. Revue, 8.30. Mat. Saturdays, 2.30.

HIPPODROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. "BUSINESS AS USUAL." VIOLET LORRAINE, UNITY, MORE, CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY FATE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSIO THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER, NEWLY LIONT.

PALACE.—LAST WEEK OF THE PASSING SHOW (Xmas Version). LAST 2 MATINEES, Weds and Sat., at 2.30. Varieties, at 8. Passing Show, 8.20. War Pictures, 8.50.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9. Mon, Weds and Sat. 2.30, 8.10 and 9. "GO AHEAD" reviewing the Revues. CHIRGWIN, BERTRAM BANKS, KING AND BENSON, ACKROYD-MELITA, TRIO, etc.

MASKELINE AND DEVAUT'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall, W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s to 5s. CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS and SAILORS FREE.

MOTORS AND CYCLES. GENTLEMAN'S 1914 Model de Luxe Cycle, fitted 3-speed R.S.A. gear; latest improvements; gear case all accessories; new September last; accept £4 15s; approval willing;—93, Cambridge, Hyde Park, W.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. PIANOS.—Boyd Ltd. supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month; carriage paid; catalogue free.—Boyd Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

A TON of COAL FOR 2/6

Wonderful Scientific Discovery which Enables Everyone to Save Large Sums in Weekly Housekeeping.

Remarkable Offer to Enable Every Household to Test the Splendid Economic Advantages of "Seldomite," which, at a cost of 2/6 only, Makes One Ton of Coal go as far as Two.

The introduction of the wonderful chemical compound "Seldomite," which doubles the "life" of coal, or, in other words, cuts in half the coal bill, is resulting in something like a sensation.

At this time, when every penny of house-keeping counts, "Seldomite" proves a veritable blessing, for warmth is almost as important as food.

£10 SAVED DURING COAL FIRE SEASON.

Ladies are now finding that they are able to have in kitchen or drawing-room the brightest, cosiest and hottest fires they wish, and yet make one scuttful of coal treated with "Seldomite" go as far as two ordinary ones.

A saving such as this, of course, greatly appreciated, all the more so because servants are pleased when "Seldomite" is used, for fires burn clearer, need less attention, and there is practically no waste, dust or soot.

No matter how small or large your coal bill, you can effect a wonderful saving by using "Seldomite," and if you use, say, one ton of coal a month, you can easily save from £10 to £15 during the coal fire season.

In order to give the public a most advantageous opportunity of testing "Seldomite" in their own homes, the proprietors have decided for a short while to send post free the full-size 4s. box (sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite or Slack), with full directions, to all readers for only 2s. 6d. Orders and remittances, however, must be sent within the next few days. Five boxes will be forwarded (while this offer lasts) for only 10s.

A MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Already "Seldomite" has found thousands of users who appreciate its cleanly and splendidly economical advantages, and testify to their appreciation by constant repeat orders.

Among the many thousands of delighted users of "Seldomite" are the following:—

The Viscount Elibank, who writes—"I like 'Seldomite' as much as ever, and enclose cheque for a further supply. You can certainly make use of anything I have said in favour of 'Seldomite,' as I wish you every success."

The Viscountess Templeton, who writes—"I have found 'Seldomite' most satisfactory, and will order more when required."

The Lady Swansea, who writes—"Please send me five more boxes of 'Seldomite.' I was perfectly satisfied with the first trial box and think it excellent."

Lucy, Countess of Egmont, who writes—"I am quite satisfied with the 'Seldomite.' Please send me a further supply."

Lady Richardson, who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' very satisfactory in making a very bright and extra warm fire. It is also much cleaner than ordinary coal."

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Lady Shelford, who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' very satisfactory. The fires burn clear, last long, and retain the heat. In addition to this there is very little smoke."

Louisa, Lady Walker, who writes—"I shall be much obliged if you will send me eleven more boxes of 'Seldomite,' as I and all my family use it, and find it quite excellent. The fires are bright, and the consumption of coal considerably less."

Lady Frances Bushby, who writes—"You are quite at liberty to mention my name as using and approving 'Seldomite,' as I consider the results of the treatment very satisfactory."

Lady Mary Cayley, who writes—"Having found 'Seldomite' very satisfactory in its results, I enclose remittance for a further supply to be sent by return."

Lady Eggar, who writes—"Please send me a further supply of 'Seldomite' by return. I find it admirable for brightening up the fire."

Lady Isabel Stewart, who writes—"I have been using 'Seldomite' on my coals for the last three or four weeks, and find a very great improvement. The coals last well, the fires are perceptibly much warmer, and when 'Seldomite' was not used I at once noticed the difference."

Priscilla, Lady Newnes, who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' most useful. It causes the fire to burn very brightly and to send out much more heat than usual."

The Dowager Lady Pollen, who writes—"By all means use my name as a satisfied user of 'Seldomite.' I am much pleased with it."

Sir John Bramston, who writes—"You are at liberty to use my name as approving 'Seldomite,' as I find it quite successful."

The Rev. Canon Seaton, D.D., Villa Loretto, St. Peter's-in-Thane, who writes—"Seldomite" has given great satisfaction, and the consumption of the coal has been considerably reduced."

Sir Edward Redford, C.B., who writes—"Seldomite" possesses all the advantages it lays claim to and is of very considerable benefit. The preparation not only economises coal, but it also ensures an excellent fire. It is, moreover, clean, and gives out more heat in a room than a fire made without 'Seldomite.'"

Sir Charles A. Payton, who writes—"I find 'Seldomite' very useful and economical. Coal treated with it burns well and slowly, giving good heat and very little ash."

The Rev. W. L. Shadde, Bruff Rectory, Kilmallock, Co. Limerick, who writes—"I found the 'Seldomite' very satisfactory, and it certainly makes the coal go much further."

Sir Robert Kennedy, K.C.M.G., who writes—"I am perfectly satisfied with 'Seldomite,' as I find that it is conducive to cleanliness and economy, and that coal treated with the preparation burns a bright red and consumes the coal slowly. I have given some 'Seldomite' this year to my cookman, gardeners, etc., and they are much pleased with it."

The Hon. Mrs. Eric Thesiger, who writes—"You are at perfect liberty to use my name with regard to praising 'Seldomite.' I am very pleased with it."

Colonel Fludger, 62, Warwick Square, who writes—"I find that when using 'Seldomite,' not only is there a great saving in the amount of coal used, but also that the coal treated with it gives out twice as much heat. In the kitchen range I find it saves quite one large scuttful of coal."

The Rev. Canon W. F. Pearce, Prebendal House, Chichester, who writes—"I am more than satisfied with 'Seldomite.' It is a great economiser, and gives out much more heat than with coal alone."

The Rev. G. Lacey-May, West Tisted Vicarage, Alresford, who writes—"I have tested 'Seldomite' both on household coal and on church coal, and find it fully answers to your description as doubling the value of either coal or coke. I am delighted with it."

The Rev. W. J. Jobling, St. Mary's Vicarage, Southwark, who writes—"Please send me some more boxes of 'Seldomite.' I have found it of excellent value, and am using it amongst my parishioners."

"Seldomite" is easily used, and is alike suitable for factory, hospitals, schools, clubs, kitchen, greenhouse, drawing-room, or dainty flat. It does not smell; there are no fumes. It is perfectly healthy. Indeed, no one knows that it is in use, except that the fire burns consistently, warmly, cosily and brightly without any attention.

To take advantage of the special offer made above, readers should send remittances of 2s. 6d. for the full-size 4s. box (sufficient for one ton of Coal, Coke, Anthracite or Slack), or 10s. for five boxes, addressing their letters to

SELDONITE LABORATORIES, Ltd., 431, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1915.

TERRIBLE PROGRESS.

Most of the nineteenth century talk about Progress depended upon an observation of the many inventions, mainly mechanical, of our fathers' time: in those days, we all began to get about the world so much quicker than ever before, that we naturally supposed the world itself was getting somewhere far ahead of anywhere it had ever before been. Wonderful modern world rushing—whither?—at what a remarkable pace! But now that we know that it was to the biggest war ever known that it was rushing, we see how tiresome—to put it gently—are certain of the human, or inhuman, inventions we have so carefully thought out. How wonderful to fly! A great progress. But, in war-time, we stop with the reflection that 'twere better flying had never been possible. Now that it is possible we in self-defence must fly better than they. But 'twas a golden age before flying. And before submarines, and before wireless. As we anticipate the new century that will pick itself up, damaged, after this war, we cannot help also anticipating further efforts to destroy peace of mind and body by inventions. In other words, what new Progress will there be?

The principal new Progress to be dreaded is, we think, the extension to new forms of telephonitis, of telephone mania in all varieties. The chief of such new applications undoubtedly will be two—first, wireless telephony, filling the whole air of the world, once named free, with phantom voices of persons wirelessly telephoning to one another.

Most inventions give us for one atom of convenience forty ton of boredom and nuisance. So the wireless telephone, filling our lives with din, will, we anticipate, constitute the great Progress of the after-war period of advance towards goodness knows what next.

Then for the second invention. That already announces itself as the transmutation of sounds into sights, as the making visible, in crude transparencies, of all the innumerable crashes and clangours of modern mechanism. An ingenious Professor, pioneer of Progress, has we learn already elaborated the appliances; and, one step on, we shall find ourselves at the great day of seeing by telephone, of seeing our friends at a distance, and indeed of seeing everything and everybody all together, just as we soon hope to hear them in our houses simultaneously. This life will, in the finally perfected Telephone Period, be a delightfully amusing jumble of sounds and sights, highly progressive, and likely to eliminate the unfit, or the peaceful. Those who have an obsolete craving for privacy had better therefore go to the front now. You never know what they may invent next. Progress is a terrible business. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Even when the right is clearly seen, meditation is needed to collect our powers to do it. It is the great storehouse of our spiritual dynamics, where divine energies lie hid for any enterprise, and the hero is strengthened for his field. All great things are born of silence.—*Martineau.*

RECOLLECTION.

Give pardon, blessed soul, to thy bold cries
If they, importunate, interrupt thy song,
Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st among
The angel-quintessences of heavenly songs.

Give pardon too, sweet soul, to thy slow cries.
That since I saw thee now it is so long;
And yet the tears that unto thee have long
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice;

I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feel the grief I did sustain:
The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
Astonishment takes from us sense of pain:
I stood amazed when others tears began,
And now begin to weep when they have done.
HENRY CONSTABLE (1613).

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE COMING CREED.

"SEEKING TRUTH" claims the right for all men to follow their own opinions. They have done so, and the result is the multiplicity of the sects, as pointed out by "T. B."

These sects are a spiritual Babylon within the Church, and the fierce judgments of God upon such are foretold in Revelations.

St. Paul taught that charity when preceded by faith and hope was greater than either of them. The commandments given by Christ to His apostles after His resurrection, as mentioned at the end of St. Matthew's gospel, have been handed down to us in the three creeds as the faith of the Church. The hope of the Church is that taught in all the apostolic writings of the

in health or in spirit—a weakly generation at the best.

The great majority of our best and bravest are going to the wars; many, alas, never to return. They should have every facility and encouragement to hand down their manly qualities to posterity.

WHAT NOT TO SAVE ON.

IN REPLY to "An Old Housewife" who claims to have solved the problem of the cares and hold necessities by dismissing the maid and who exhorts other housewives to be "brave" and do their own housework, I must say that surely this is a most selfish—if thoughtlessly selfish—point of view. If all housewives keep-

REPENTANT WIVES.

Women Who Regret Quarrels with Husbands Now at the Front.

REMORSE.

TIMES like these are hardly fitted for the condemnation of men on the ground of bad temper. Too often it is the wife's temper that is at fault in the home, but, altogether apart from that question, we women ought now to realise that after all, in spite of suffragettes, there are things men do better than we—fighting, for example.

My husband is at the front. Every day his life is threatened and I must often think of the many,

many things I have done to annoy him in the past. The memory of each of our little quarrels is bitterly present with me and bitterly I regret them. When he comes back—if he comes back—let him be as bad-tempered as he likes.

A LONELY WIFE.
Cambridge.

INDIFFERENCE.

I AM sorry to say I have had twenty years' experience of life with a bad-tempered husband. There is no cure. In fact, with age it gets worse.

I was not seventeen when I married—too young to understand the meaning of such outbursts of bad temper. I cried, I laughed, I stormed back—all of no avail. I treat my husband now with indifference and get along much better—anything for a quiet life. How I envy the old maid! B.

BOTH TOGETHER.

WILL YOUR all-knowing correspondent, "Thirty Years Married," tell us how to manage the husband who is the "sulky sort" and the "boiling over sort" combined—temper first, sulks after? There are many like that. D. L.

VERY CROSS.

IT IS the wives trying to "manage" their husbands who are responsible for the latter getting into bad tempers. The ideal husband from a wife's point of view is a man who is a mere puppet and will do exactly as he is told. This does not suit the average man, however, and when the "management" begins look out for squalls.

I do not know if there is anything which will turn a bad temper into a good one, but certainly marriage will turn a good temper into a bad one quicker than anything else. TEMPER.

GIVE AND TAKE.

I SEE that yet more advice is being given to wives on the eternal subject of how to "manage" husbands.

I suppose no one will ever dare to suggest, in print, that the husbands should do a little of the "managing" themselves?

As a wife myself, I am so tired of being told how to "manage" my husband! I must "feed the brute," speak gently or keep a wise silence when he is cross, keep the children out of his way when he is tired, and do to countless other things. In nearly every ladies' paper you pick up you come across paragraphs on the subject, headed usually: "How to Keep a Husband," or some such thing, but never any similar hints to the man.

"Marriage is merely a question of give and take," we wives are constantly being reminded; but to keep things going smoothly in matrimony I do not see why all the giving should necessarily be on the woman's side. A GIVER.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 17.—The hych wazels are valuable and interesting shrubs that bloom during the winter months, and although the flowers are not showy they are extremely welcome during the year's dark days.

The best kind to cultivate is hamamelis mollis, which was introduced from China about twelve years ago. The flowers are golden in colour and have curious and dried petals. This shrub should be set in light soil and must have a warm, sunny position. E. F. L.



Everybody who isn't actually training is trying to "get thoroughly fit," and this is mainly to be done by living as far as possible in the open air. The result of one new regime is occasionally rather comic.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden. Reprint.)

New Testament. Where this faith and this hope are found together there shall we also find that charity which all men long to see. LAXMAN.

INSTEAD of being content with creeds expressing nothing more than very doubtful theology, let us fearlessly try to make our creeds consistent with our intellectual development.

No one can possibly know whether or not death is the end of all things. Let our creeds, therefore, show us how it were best to live this life; then, if we carry them out, we shall likely be prepared to fit into life beyond the grave, if such there be. If we, on the other hand, "turn safe to rest, no dreams, no waking," those who remain may be spared some of our sorrows, and life on this planet may in time become quite endurable. A. R.

THE SOLDIER'S MARRIAGE.

FOR racial and eugenic reasons of the utmost importance to this country it would be better for the nation if every soldier married before going to the front. For months and years the male parents of young Britons will have an undue proportion of elderly men or men poor

ing one maid take her advice, what is to become of the poor maids? Especially as at the present time the greatest difficulty of intelligent women who are trying to help in war time is to find work for the shoals of out-of-work women and girls of all kinds.

I am not an old housewife, but I am a housewife, and the last thing I should think of would be to get rid of my servant, my dog or anything with sense and feeling because the price of food has risen.

"An Old Housewife" states that she and her sister are dressed ready for callers by 2.30 and afternoon tea is laid. Wouldn't it be better to dispense with chocolate eclairs and afternoon tea rather than to take away the work of a servant girl? HOUSEWIFE.

"BANKRUPT."

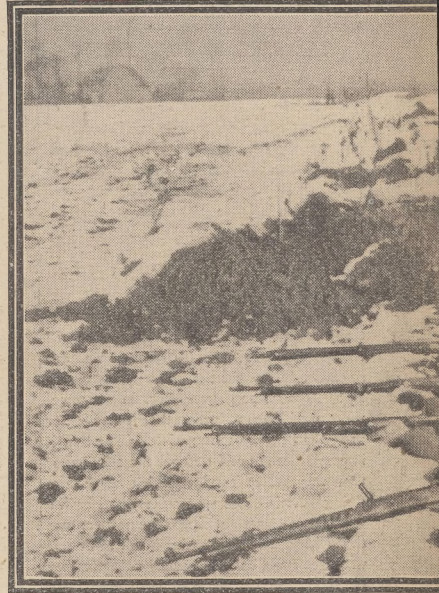
THE DISCUSSION on the etymology of the word "bank" in Mr. Justice Darling's court might have been carried a step further by the illustration of our term "bankrupt."

The old Venetian money-changers and lenders carried on their business at a stand or bench (banca), and when one was unable to meet his obligations his "banca" was broken (rupia). HERBERT GODFREY.

HEROIC WORK BY OUR GALLANT TROOPS IN WINTER WAR



This weird-looking picture of the tattered and torn remains of a wood is the result of heavy shell fire. British troops were lying hidden in it, waiting to dash out and make an effective rear attack. But a lucky shell fire devastated one portion of the wood, and our troops had to remove to a safer part of it.



The trenches were unpleasant enough when the rain made them merely extremely damp, but perishingly cold as well. But, and it has got to be a very cold day in



What our soldiers look like when they are entrenched again

A YOUTHFUL AIRMAN.



Bransby Williams, jun., son of the well-known Dickens impersonator, who has just received his pilot's certificate. He is only seventeen years old.

A WELSH MASCOT.



Taffy, the mascot of the London Welsh, makes a new friend. The battalion is training at Llanudno. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

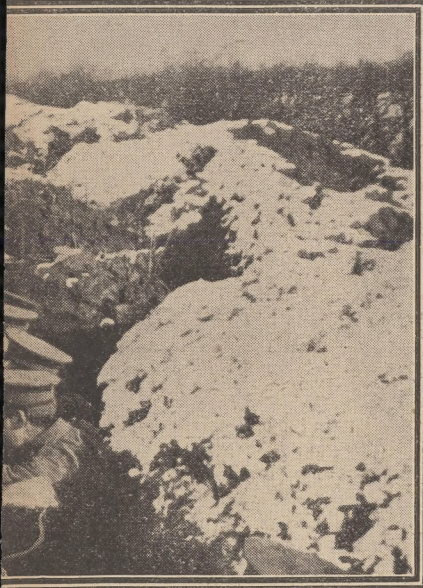
FOOTBALL MATCH IN A



In the water.

Practically every adult male in Ashbourne, Derbyshire, takes played chiefly in a stream, and the goals (two water mills) are as many of the village

BUT THEY ARE ALWAYS CHEERY AND READY FOR FUN.



quagmires. Now that the snow has come along they are not has been well looked after in the matter of warm clothing, it will depress his amazing spirits.

OFFICERS AT ALTAR.



from France were among the spectators.



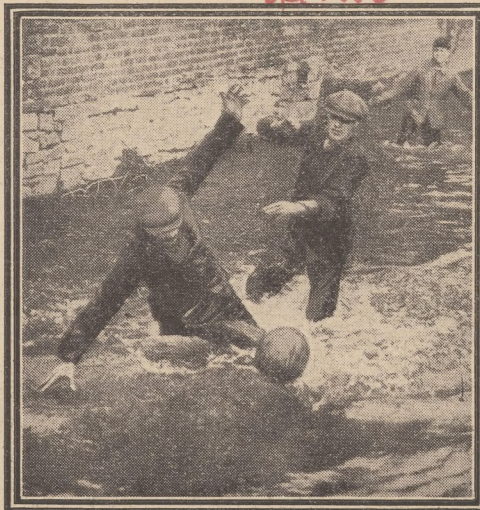
Delver II., the Grand Duke Nicholas's candidate.

the war, the interest taken in this year's Waterloo Cup is candidate, Delver II., which was beaten in the first round by *Mirror* and *Topical*.)



Accidents will happen in the best-regulated—battalions. This particular one happened to a merry party of Royal Engineers. They were busily engaged in constructing a bridge, when one, a little more enthusiastic and daring than the rest, slipped and fell in with a "plop." He didn't fall very far, and both he and his comrades are enjoying the fun.

FOOTBALL IN A STREAM.



A football match is played annually in a stream at Ashbourne, Derbyshire. The goals are two watermills and are three miles apart.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

BRAVE BOY SCOUT.



Patrol-Leader P. Robertshaw, who stopped a runaway horse when the Germans were shelling Scarborough. He receives a bronze medal.

A WELSH MASCOT.



Taffy, the mascot of the London Welsh, makes a new friend. The battalion is training at Llanudno.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



Dry Shampoo your Hair with Icilma Hair Powder

—not as a regular habit but *occasionally*, when for any reason *washing* the hair is not desired. This method of cleansing the hair will be found wonderfully convenient, agreeable and beneficial—especially during the winter months.

No wetting of the hair is needed—and there is no trouble or risk of any kind. It may be used at any time—even when suffering from colds or illness. Icilma Hair Powder is the *only* dry shampoo which readily brushes out—for this reason, *refuse imitations*.

Icilma

Hair Powder

2d. per packet, 7 packets 1/-, large box 1/6, everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

A Free Full-size Packet will be sent to any address on receipt of postcard. Only one to each applicant. Icilma Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.), 59-61, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

POCKET TRENCH WADERS.



LONG
WATERPROOF STOCKINGS
REACHING FROM FOOT TO THIGH
WORN INSIDE
ANY ORDINARY LEATHER BOOT
You can stand all day thigh deep in water without getting wet. They are snug, cosy and simple, protect from frostbite, roll up into small package 7 by 2 by 3 inches.

WEIGHT 18 OUNCES.

Khaki Outside, Stockette Inside.

12/6 Per Pair.
Postage:
Inland 6d.
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Special Prices for Quantities.
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STRONGER MAKE FOR VERY
HARD WEAR,

21/- and 27/6.

"The men have been called upon to stand for many hours together almost up to their waists in bitterly cold water, only separated by one or two hundred yards from a most vigilant enemy."
SIR JOHN FRENCH.

ANDERSON, ANDERSON & ANDERSON, LTD.,
Makers of the Army and Navy Waterproofs.
Contractors to the British, French and Belgian Governments.
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58-59, CHARING CROSS, S.W.
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THERE IS NO ADVANCE
IN PRICE
BRANSON'S
SPADE COFFEE
STILL
5 1/2 d. & 10 1/2 d.

'I WILL GIVE AWAY 50,000 BOTTLES—FREE' BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, & CONSUMPTION

The Diseases that baffle the Doctors.

The Marvellous "Liq-u-fruta" cure for
—Chronic Asthma of 20 years standing.
—Terrible Racking Bronchitis.
—Consumption when Satorina and Medical
treatment had failed.

—Blood Spitting —Lung Hemorrhage
—Tearing Coughs —Whooping Cough
—Bronchial Catarrh —Croup
—Pneumonia —Nasal Catarrh
—Laryngitis —Loss of Flesh
—Night Sweats —Racking Cough

'PEOPLE HAVE GONE MAD ON LIQ-U-FRUTA.'

"I tried to-day to obtain a bottle of your wonderful remedy 'Liq-u-fruta' in Grimby and Cleethorpes; at several chemists, including Boots, they all say they have sold out, and several remark that people have gone mad on 'Liq-u-fruta,' and why? Because it is the finest preparation for Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption put upon the market." Extract from a letter from Mr. Williams (Grimby), Jan. 26, 1915.

BRONCHITIS KILLED 721 PERSONS IN LONDON IN THE FIRST THREE WEEKS THIS YEAR.

—Evening News, Jan. 29.

OVER 100,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will cure your cough, or the cough of your child, husband, wife, son, daughter, or other relative or friend. It will cure any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of Consumption, and has banished every trace from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

It is absolutely safe for the day-old baby.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered LIQ-U-FRUTA and cured my only son.

"LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of hundreds of thousands of others. (Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" has cured hundreds of thousands of the worst cases of Bronchitis and Asthma—it cures every case—there is never a failure—there is not one recorded death from Bronchitis or Asthma when once "LIQ-U-FRUTA" has been administered. Medical aid has utterly failed to grapple with Bronchitis and Asthma—these diseases baffle the doctors, but Mr. Home-Newcombe solemnly states his firm and unassailable conviction that had "LIQ-U-FRUTA" been given to the 721 persons referred to above, not one need have perished, but every life might have been saved.

Liquifruta
CURES EVERYTHING
WITH A COUGH IN IT.

My Tired Feet Ached for "TIZ"

How glorious, how grand TIZ makes
tired, swollen, sore, per-
spiring feet feel.



"Just couldn't
wait to take
my hat off!"

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled aching, burning, congested, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a TIZ bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that TIZ bath. When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, hard skin, and bunions. There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture. Get a 1s. 1d. box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.



As supplied
to the Household of
H.M. The King at
 Windsor Castle.

Mr. Blandron, a wounded soldier on furlough, says on Jan. 27—"I was 18 weeks fighting in France and came home wounded." Whilst in hospital for seven weeks he developed "severe bronchitis" and when allowed out on furlough he "was just as bad." He now says: "I have only had half of my third 1s. 1d. bottle of LIQ-U-FRUTA, and feel quite well again and able to return to my duty." He says: "LIQ-U-FRUTA is the soldier's second best friend in the damp trenches. His ride, of course, is his first best friend."

Mr. Douglas, of Glasgow, on Jan. 27, writes:—"My Doctor said that I was suffering from pneumonia, and that I was in a serious condition. After four 1s. 1d. bottles of 'LIQ-U-FRUTA' I am quite myself again and shall start work on Monday, 1st Feb. If I could not buy it cheaper I should not hesitate in giving One Guinea a bottle for 'LIQ-U-FRUTA'."

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"LIQ-U-FRUTA" is a remedy that never fails. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" is obtainable from all the 555 branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Finsbury White, and all Chemists or Stores, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., or direct and post free from Mr. W. Home-Newcombe, 605, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., for remittance in Stamps or Postal Orders. (Abroad postage extra.)

FREE COUPON

To Mr. W. HOME-NEWCOMBE,
The Laboratory, 605, Camberwell Grove,
London, S.E.
I enclose 8d. in stamps (abroad 6d.) (for postage and packing) for a test bottle of "LIQ-U-FRUTA." I have not previously had a free bottle.
NAME
ADDRESS
For an extra 1d. stamp my book, "Worth Its Weight in Gold," will be sent.

SENSATIONAL GIFT TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

World-famous Specialist's Amazing Offer
to Restore Lost Hair Colour Without
Dyes or Stains.

SEND TO-DAY FOR THE MAGNIFICENT FREE GIFT
TO BRING BACK YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

"You need no longer be grey-haired."

This is the wonderful message of a world-famous specialist to every grey or white-haired reader of "The Daily Mirror."

To prove his words—to prove to every man and woman that they need not look old any longer—this specialist—none other than the inventor of the famous "Harlene" Hair-Drill—has decided upon a colossal and amazing free-of-cost distribution of his wonderful new discovery, "Astol," that conquers grey hair.

Every one of the thousands of grey-haired men and women in the country is invited to share in this stupendous free distribution to bring back all the lost charm and attractiveness of a youthful appearance.

To everyone who sends the coupon below a supply of this marvellous, never-failing discovery, "Astol," with full directions for use, will be sent without cost and without question.

NO DYES OR STAINS.

"Astol" is not a dye or stain. It in no way "paints" the hair shafts, but naturally and scientifically stimulates the flow of colouring matter from the cells around the hair root until every single hair is once again flooded with "life" and colour from root to tip. "Astol" is pleasant and easy to use. Its effects are permanent.

Thousands of men and women, "too-old-at-thirty or forty" because of premature grey hair—and thousands more whose hair was quite white, have been able to take years from their appearance of age by accepting just the same free gift that is offered to you to-day.

When you send the coupon below you will immediately receive your free gift supply and may commence to take from ten to twenty years from your age. The gift includes:—

1. A bottle of "Astol," the astounding discovery that conquers greyiness entirely by natural means.
2. Full instructions for use (scientifically formulated but perfectly simple to follow), which show you how easy it is to look young again and recover all your lost attraction.

POST COUPON BELOW TO-DAY FOR YOUR FREE GIFT.

Be young again. Take your rightful place amongst the youthful, vigorous-looking men and women who always gain success. Why risk your business prospects, your social chances, by looking too old?

You can secure your great free gift at once by simply sending the coupon below with 2d. stamps for postage. After you have seen your grey hairs regaining their former colour and lustre, you can always obtain further supplies of "Astol" from any chemist at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or direct post free on remittance from the "Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Postage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

To the Edwards' Harlene Co.,
20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free trial supply of "Astol," and full directions. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 18/2/15.



Chivers Jellies

The World's Standard of Quality

Chivers' Jellies are always appreciated, and now that fruit is scarce they are specially useful and seasonable.

Grocers everywhere sell them
Write for a dainty illustrated Booklet giving many ways of using Chivers' Jellies. Mention this paper.
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

Cheese is richer than meat
in body-building elements,
also more economical.

These two facts should appeal to the thrifty who desire to obtain best food value at reasonable cost. One lb. of cheese contains three times the nutriment of one lb. of beef, and is far richer in heat-giving properties.

All those who wisely decide to eat more cheese should order St. Ivel Lactic Cheese.

It is most palatable and nourishing, also it is easily digested, and the lactic cultures which it contains are a valuable aid to good health.

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LACTIC CHEESE

6 1/2d. each. From Grocers & Dairymen.
ST. IVEL LTD, YEOVIL

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, single girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly. His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a governess to the Hopkings and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill. Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen wholeheartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has found the man amongst all men for her, consents. They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Cresswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff. Ashley Cresswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks that better to get Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Cresswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Cresswick Jean promises to pay off her debt in a month. After writing to Lionel and breaking off the engagement she cables to young Hepstein saying that she will marry him if he will lend her £5,000 for a month.

One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He has booked a passage back when he suddenly meets Jean. She tells him, amongst other things, that she is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa.

Trench finds out that the Cresswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa. Believing this, Ashley gives them the cheque for £5,000. Lionel and Derek go off to Southampton, ostensibly for Africa, but really for Folkestone to find Jean. Lionel sees her, and she promises not to run away from him again.

Unfortunately, when Derek calls on Cresswick to say that he has seen Lionel off, he accidentally drops two chair tickets from Folkestone. Cresswick is instantly suspicious and stops the cheque. Derek calls on him again.

Whilst he is asking for an explanation, Schroder arrives and demands to see Fay Cresswick. She makes an appointment with him round the corner. Cresswick follows her, and sees her run into Lionel, though this is quite by accident.

LIONEL AND ASHLEY.

LIONEL wheeled round quickly at the sound of Ashley's voice. He had spent the intervening days since he had left Jean at Folkestone in a fruitless attempt to discover his friend Derek.

Prudence, coming to his aid, had checked his impetuous resolution to have it out with his brother at once, and had warned him to make sure of his ground before he sought an interview.

He had not only got into the habit of leaning implicitly on his friend's judgment, but some instinct told him that events might be happening in his absence which would profoundly modify the line he ought to take.

Yet the reaction of those days of enforced

DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing or shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, conversation, or "appearing in public? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" your natural talents deserve? I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind which will give you absolute self-confidence. Being freed from Mental handicaps you will be enabled to do the wonderful work in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself. Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 476, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C. (Adv.)

idleness had told severely on his temper, and by the time he had run into Fay in Kensington High-street, he had worked himself up into a state of righteous anger which required but the slightest incentive to boil over.

He was so furiously indignant that it came with a sort of shock to find the brother he had come so far to denounce himself pallid with suppressed fury.

The sight of Ashley's face working did not, perhaps, so much sober his own indignation as effect a change in it. Instead, therefore, of blazing out with an explosion of speech, he became coolly contemptuous.

"Oh, so you're here, are you?" he said icily. From his superior inches he looked down on his brother with aversion. In spite of Ashley's real wrath and of his profound conviction that he was the victim of an abominable conspiracy, there was something so peering and furtive about the quality of his rage that one could hardly help despising him.

It seemed as though he could not bring himself to meet Lionel's gaze, but glared indignantly at such passers-by who happened to turn their glances in the direction of the strange trio, as if he suspected them of being listeners at the keyhole of his soul.

For his two young men of moral courage like Lionel came to their own. In everything else Ashley was his superior; he had brains, wealth and power. Yet he quailed before the steady, accusing stare of his younger brother.

"We don't discuss it here," he said sulkily.

"I agree with you," said Lionel. "There's a good deal I've got to say to you. We will go back."

The two men turned to retrace their steps, but Ashley irresolute. She had taken no part in the brief dialogue.

Her eyes were strained towards the spot where she knew Paul Schroder was waiting for her. The massive bulk of the church he had named as their rendezvous loomed heavily through the mist; but for the wet gloom and the crowd of pedestrians who angrily jostled them as they stood taking up the whole of the narrow footpath, she could almost have seen him from where she was standing.

Her brain, numbed by the succession of terrible shocks she had undergone, failed to take in this new development. She was conscious of that her two companions were exchanging angry words, but that Ashley—the unsuspecting, obedient Ashley—had formed a fantastic notion that her chance encounter with Lionel was pre-arranged entered only dimly into her comprehension.

"I'm going on," she said in mechanical tones.

Ashley gripped her arm like a vice. "Oh, no, you are not," he exclaimed fiercely. "The monstrous wrath which he dared not vent on Lionel was turned against her.

One glance at his face showed her the hopelessness of pursuing her original intention, and she turned and went back with them.

Not another word passed until they had reached the house and Ashley had opened the door with his key.

"Go into the library, you two," he said. Then: "I'll be with you in a minute."

As they obeyed his command the footman on duty in the hall hurried forward. He was the same man who asked Paul Schroder's name into Mrs. Cresswick such a short time before, and Ashley beckoned to him.

"Was it you," he asked, "who took that message which I said to my wife?"

"Who was it who called? What name did he give?"

It was a desperate course for Ashley to take. He had not reached the social stratagem which he regarded as his means as a respect; normally, he had a very considerable respect for what a servant thought of him and for what a servant's tongue might achieve.

He had been quick to notice the footman's expression of bewilderment at seeing not only the return of the master and mistress who had gone out separately just a few minutes before, but the unexpected appearance with them of Mr. Lionel, who was supposed by all the household to be by this time well on his way to South Africa.

But Ashley, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, threw reticence and discretion to the winds.

"Are you struck dumb?" he demanded angrily. "Didn't you hear what I said? Who was it who called just now?"

The man had recovered something of his self-possession and was on his guard. Apart from the superfluity of the question, seeing that Mrs. Cresswick was there to tell him herself, all three carried out a plucky and plucky in their faces for those who had eyes to see.

Scenting a scandal of the first order, the servant took a temporary refuge in evasion. "I'm afraid I can't tell you, sir," he stammered.

"You see,"

"Did he give his name, or did he not?" asked Ashley with a fierce scowl.

"Well, no, sir; not verbally. He gave me a note which he said Mrs. Cresswick was to have at once."

"What sort of man was he?"

"Well, I didn't take particular notice of him, sir. Rather a common man, I should think—leaves ways, not a gentleman."

"It was Mr. Lionel?"

"Oh, no, sir."

Ashley walked along the passage to join the others in the library, muttering audibly: "He's in it, too, he's had bitterly. 'Are they all against me?'

"THE WHOLE TRUTH."

ASHLEY CRESWICK shot a keen look at the pair as he entered the room. His insensate jealousy, now increased if possible to an even greater height by the obvious prevarication of the footman in the hall, found plenty of fuel for conviction in the attitude of his wife.

She was lying back in the recesses of her favourite chair with half-closed eyes, her delicate little hands, almost transparent in their helplessness, folded nervously in her lap. If ever a woman was crushed with fear and broken down by the threat of exposure it was she.

Yet a swift glance at the man who stood over her on the rug before the fire with folded arms puzzled him completely. Surely, no one less like a guilty lover could well have been imagined? Lionel's grey eyes, wide and clear, met his own furtive glance with an expression which could not be misunderstood. . . . the expression of fearless contempt.

Yet this was the man, Ashley told himself, who had so outrageously deceived him, who had lied to him about going to Africa, who had labelled his boxes so ostentatiously, who, as Fay herself had confessed, had been discovered tampering with his papers in the safe.

If a man, he argued with himself, could do those things and still maintain that face of brass, he could do worse without flinching. He had a wide knowledge of the world, and especially of the world's rascals, and he knew there were such men—men who gloried in their wickedness—and boasted about it openly to their victims.

Perhaps Lionel had come to boast about it now. Ashley thought he knew the line he would take, the line of the truism: "You robbed me, my brother," he would say; "See what I have done to you."

Ashley had no sort of doubt in his mind that by this time Lionel knew all about the legal questions which should have come to him, but the supposition, formerly so fraught with terror, was now swallowed up in the tragedy of Fay's supposed unfaithfulness.

What did he care for money if he had lost her? What would it profit him to gain the whole world if he lost his own soul?

But Lionel was waiting with grin, cold contempt for him to begin, and he knew it was incumbent upon him to make a start.

"Sit down," he said.

His brother's great height vaguely exasperated him. It gave him a sense of being as insignificant in body as he was in spirit. They would be more of a match if they were seated, and he

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR—FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify your hair! Make it soft, fluffy and luxuriant.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch; but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair becomes soft, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 1s. 6d. bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any chemist, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all.—(Adv't.)

would recover more of that moral ascendancy which, in spite of Lionel's own grievance, he felt should properly belong to him.

But Lionel made not the slightest movement to act on his advice, nor did he break the ominous silence.

"You needn't think you can get out of this by not speaking, either of you," said Ashley.

The impotent rage so obviously consuming him threatened to become dangerous. But for the absurdity of such a contest, it might even have developed into a physical form of violence.

"Get out of what?" Lionel said, quietly.

"Oh, you may try to brave it out. . . . you may tell me more lies. . . ."

"Lies!" There was a dangerous flash in Lionel's eyes.

"Lies, I said!" retorted Ashley, venomously.

It is rather a strong word to use to me, Ashley," Lionel spoke very quietly. "I'll allow no man to use it—not even my own brother."

"And didn't you lie to me? Didn't you try to get £5,000 from me under the pretence of going to Africa? Didn't you pack up your boxes and label them with a name that you were sailing by, and paste great labels on them, 'For cabin only'? Didn't you come into this house with a smile on your lips and a humbugging pretence of thanking me for putting you up? And didn't you reward my hospitality by waiting till my back was turned to ferret about amongst my papers in the safe? Answer me!"

Lionel listened without a word. It was clear he was exercising an iron control on his temper.

"Go on," he said, grimly. "Is that the whole of your grievance?"

Ashley laughed bitterly. "No," he replied, "nor the fringe of it. You established yourself in this house like the traitor you are, then used these despicable subterfuges so that you could carry on clandestine meetings with my wife."

The colour leapt to Lionel's cheeks. He unfolded his arms and clenched his great fists.

"You talk of lies," he said with a shudder; "that's a lie for which you would like to apologise." He took a step towards his brother, and

(Continued on page 13.)

THE BEST THING FOR DYSPEPTICS.

WHY PEPSIN, PANCREATIN, ETC., SO FREQUENTLY FAIL.

An international specialist whose articles on stomach trouble have been printed in nearly every language, recently stated that to treat the average case of stomach trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, etc., by doctoring the stomach, killing the pain with opiates, or by the use of artificial aids to digestion, such as pepsin and pancreatin, was just as foolish and useless as to attempt to put out a fire by throwing water on the smoke, instead of the fire. He claims, and facts seem to justify his claim, that nearly nine-tenths of all stomach trouble is due to acidity and food fermentation; and that the only way in which to secure permanent relief is to get rid of the cause—i.e., to neutralise the acid and stop the fermentation. For this purpose he strongly recommends the Plan now generally adopted by physicians and in hospitals of taking a half-teaspoonful of ordinary bisulphated magnesia in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt. This immediately neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation, and permits the stomach to do its work in a normal manner, and thus by removing the cause, enables nature to quickly restore the inflamed stomach lining to a perfectly healthy normal condition. For the convenience of travellers it may be noted that most chemists are now able to supply bisulphated magnesia in the form of tablets, two or three of which almost instantly relieve the most violent attacks of indigestion.

BISULPHATED MAGNEsia can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Adv't.)

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WRITE NOW FOR LIST No. 36

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mme. Emmy Destinn.

Mme. Emmy Destinn. Yesterday was no day to stir further away from the fire-side than one need, and I found the clubs, and even the office table, more attractive than the drenching downpour outside. One man I met, who has just "run the blockade" from New York, tells me that in that city, where the lights still shine o' nights, Mme. Emmy Destinn, the wonderful soprano, has been providing one of the other topics of conversation. They talk as much war there as we do apparently.

Wants To Be an American.

Mme. Destinn is a Bohemian, an Austrian subject, but she wants to change her nationality and become an American citizen, and she says she wants to marry a French subject. But since American law demands a residence of five consecutive years in the country before naturalisation is granted, the soprano is disappointed. All New York is now engaged in guessing who the lucky man is, and several names are mentioned, but perhaps I had better not repeat them.

Tea à la Serbe.

But, after a dull morning, I found a bright afternoon. I spent an enjoyable couple of hours over tea with Princess Alexis Karagevitch, the beautiful American, and her husband, Prince Alexis, the cousin of King Peter of Serbia. The place was crowded with an ever-changing throng of friends, including, of course, a big sprinkling of soldiers representing the Allied Forces, who had come to exchange views on the war. Tea was served in Serbian buffet fashion—and this, by the way, is likely to become increasingly popular.

Call Him Georgie.

The Princess is as vivacious as most American women, and has a very keen sense of humour. She amused me considerably by telling me of her honeymoon trip to the United States, and how she and Prince Alexis fought the American reporters. Still, I'm inclined to think one of them had the best of it, for, after a rather baffling and unsatisfactory interview, he left with, by way of a parting shot, the following remark:—"Well, I suppose, with a name like that, you call him Georgie?" But the Princess only laughed.

Tipped the Prince.

I was not at all surprised to hear that the Prince and Princess have determined to take up their residence in London for good, for the metropolis is becoming more and more attractive to Continental royalty. But Serbia will not be neglected. In all probability, they will have a country house in Vranskbanja, where the Prince was living at the beginning of the war. There he acted as amateur doctor, and, I am told, was so popular with his patients that one old peasant woman gave him a franc tip, telling him that he was quite a good doctor.

"The Three Musketeers" Revive.

If the theatrical managers go on much longer at this rate there will be nothing left to revive. We are to see "The Three Musketeers" again at the Lyceum very shortly with Miss Ethel Warwick in her old part of Miladi. And then I suppose the Lyceum will be packed night after night in its customary way, for the brothers Melville have a way of making very few mistakes where the theatrical taste of the public is concerned.

Dumas Doesn't Count to the Gallery.

They are a wonderful pair, Fred and Walter Melville. Their father, Andrew Melville, was a most successful theatrical manager. He made a mint of money out of the old Standard Theatre in Shore-ditch High-street. The Melville family has been responsible for the biggest melodrama successes of the age. "The Bad Girl of the Family" was perhaps the biggest success. Walter Melville writes the plays, brother Fred is the producer, and somehow between them they manage to charm gold into the pay-boxes in a way that makes other managers gasp. No, Walter Melville is not the author of "The Three Musketeers," but lots of his patrons think he is. I once saw part of a performance from the Lyceum gallery, and heard a long argument on the subject.

The M.P.s' Postmaster.

Mr. Lincoln, the House of Commons' postmaster, is retiring, I hear. Mr. Lincoln has a distinction that is unique in the controller of what is at times one of the busiest post offices in the country. He knows the name and face of every sender of letters and telegrams who uses his office. Also the Postmaster-General is one of his customers. Mr. Lincoln, who has been twelve years in the Commons post office, is retiring on March 31.

"Tipperary" in Chinese.

I have given you "Tipperary" in French, Dutch and Hindustani, and now I have had a version in Chinese sent to me, so I must pass it on. It is taken from a Chinese paper, and its literal translation reads thus:—

This road is far from Ti po lieh li.

We must walk for many days;

This road is far from Ti po lieh li.

I want to see my lovely girl,

To meet again Pi ko ti li.

To see again Lei su Kwei'rh.

This road is far from Ti po lieh li.

But my heart is already in that place.

Piccadilly, you see, becomes Pi ko ti li, and Leicester-square Lei su Kwei'rh.

Ti po lieh li.

And this is what "Ti po lieh li" looks like in the Chinese character:—

是個遠路到地波列里
必要多日行走
是個遠路到地波列里
再會我愛之女
再會必各地里
再見疊司規兒
是個遠路到地波列里
但我心在那兒

Of course, you can read it.

Mr. Will'm Gillett Well Again.

I am glad to see that Mr. William Gillett has completely recovered from two recent operations, and is now quite well again. Mr. Gillett was seen at two weddings on Monday afternoon, and the reception at Claridge's Hotel, following the marriage of Miss Pearson at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. It is his custom to attend every smart wedding if possible, for he is known by everybody, and invariably presents the bride with a silver-gilt cake knife.

Frander of Clubs.

Formerly a major in the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, Mr. Gillett is the founder and present chairman of the Bachelor's Club. In addition, he formed a smart club called the Luncheon Club, which numbers royalty among its members, and although now approaching the age of eighty Mr. Gillett is still a bachelor, and an extremely wealthy one.

Famous Strawberry Teas.

At Ascot he is always a prominent figure in the royal enclosure, and takes much delight in distributing among his many friends invitations for luncheon and tea in the beautifully-equipped Bachelor's Tent. Mr. Gillett's famous strawberry tea on Cup day is a function not to be missed. He laid the foundations of his vast wealth by originating the clearing of country bankers' cheques, and his knowledge of foreign countries must be vast, for he has visited every continent.

Didn't Mind the Wound.

An officer in the Irish Rifles writes me of one of the war's minor tragedies—or comedies, in whichever light you may care to view it. A man of his battalion was having his hair cut during a period of rest some good distance behind the firing line. But it was not far enough away to be quite out of danger, for during the operation a German bullet hit him and wounded him in the head. The Rifleman didn't mind that, writes my correspondent, but what did worry him was that he had to walk past his smiling companions to the hospital with one part of his hair cut neatly and the other long and straggling!

Why They Learn English.

In my post yesterday was a card from a French sergeant who is a regular reader of *The Daily Mirror*. "What fun we are having at the front with Haselden's 'Willies,'" he writes. "All my French boys are learning English to follow their adventures."

The Collecting Folly.

Yesterday I ran across Mr. Folly Dan Everard, who is so busily engaged in conjugating the verb "To Be" at the Coliseum. He seemed to be in a somewhat chastened mood. With a little encouragement, he explained the position. Mr. Everard, it seems, is an ardent collector of antiquities, particularly china ones. He has just returned from Bristol, where, as usual, he spent many of his leisure moments in old curiosity shops. On the last day there he returned triumphant with two little china ornaments which, after long and earnest bargaining, he managed to obtain for just under a sovereign.

The Crusher.

Flushed with pride, Mr. Everard could not forbear showing his treasures to the landlady. "Oh," exclaimed the good lady, "the last gentleman that was here bought two exactly the same, and gave them to me. I've got them upstairs." "Really!" said Mr. Everard a little abashed, "and where did he get his from?" "From the sixpenny-halfpenny shop round the corner," was the crushing reply.

The Result of l'Origine's Example.

Truly little French l'Origine has done some excellent work. She was the little bulldog, you remember, who sent me a contribution to my football fund. Now half the pets of Britain are up in arms, and following l'Origine's excellent example. Yesterday's contributions to the fund included cheques in the names of a British bulldog, a bull terrier, a jolly little Dutch schipperke and a black cat. They all sent me their pictures, and one day soon I must try to publish them.

Our Total 1,775.

Other contributors were "A Country Girl" company at Manchester, who sent four footballs, and a pretty little two-year-old girl, Florence Haley, who had collected half a guinea in coppers for "Tommy's" footballs. So we have a really good day. Our total rose by twenty-five to 1,775. Yet still "Tommy" asks for more, or writes to say how much he enjoys the footballs we send him.

The Fireman Poor.

Lord Onslow, who has been superintending the exchange of wounded prisoners between Great Britain and Germany, is the peer who some eighteen months ago did such excellent work with his private fire brigade in saving the picturesque little Surrey church of West Clandon from destruction. Lord Onslow was just about to start out for a meet of hounds when the alarm came. But he abandoned the hunting and got to work with his own brigade at once.

Brother of a Maori Chief.

When the Guildford Fire Brigade arrived on the scene Lord Onslow was standing on the top of the burning tower of the church playing on the fire with a hose. Lord Onslow, by the way, is brother of a Maori chief. His younger brother was born in New Zealand while his father was Governor of that Dominion, and the chief of the powerful Ngati-hua tribe elected the baby to chieftainship.

How He Was Received.

Lord Onslow can tell a good story with the best. One I have heard him tell is of an agricultural show at which a bull named after him won first prize. Its owner, a famous stockbreeder, invited the peer to visit his farm, and, invited to his bailiff to meet a certain train, concluding his message, "I am bringing the Earl of Onslow with me." The bailiff thought the bull was referred to, and, as Lord Onslow tells, "he met us at the station, not with a carriage, but with a ring and stick!"

No Sugar for Charity's Sake.

How are you observing Lent? I know several people who are denying themselves one or more of the things usually regarded as necessities of their lives, and the resultant savings will go to one or other of the war funds. One family I know has decided to do without sugar in the morning and afternoon cups of tea. THE RAMBLER.

Don't Trifle With a Cough! Cure it Now.

There is positively nothing equal to Angier's Emulsion for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and all chest affections. By its peculiar soothing and healing effects it stops the cough, allays soreness and inflammation, improves the breathing, and makes expectoration easy. At the same time it keeps the digestive organs in a natural, healthy condition and exerts a most invigorating tonic influence upon the general health. For over twenty years Angier's Emulsion has been prescribed by the medical profession and used in the hospitals. It is the standard approved remedy for lung troubles and wasting diseases.

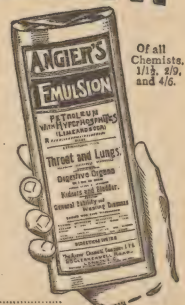
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Bathfarn House, Ruthin.
Dear Sirs,—In my opinion Angier's Emulsion is an incomparable remedy for chest, lung and throat complaints, and that for all ages. I can testify from my own and my family's experience to its vitalizing power, and I know that for colds and coughs of however long standing, it is simply invaluable. I am constantly recommending Angier's Emulsion for colds, weakness after influenza, and for chest affections generally. For speakers and singers I believe it to be especially valuable.
(Signed) (Rev.) T. GLYN ROBERTS.

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Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/6, and 4/6.

HOW TO END ALL STOMACH MISERY.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A PHYSICIAN.

Here in England, where our damp climate compels us to eat heavy foods in order to keep our bodies warm, nearly everyone suffers with some form of stomach trouble. Many people take a little magnesia or pepsin when their stomach troubles them, and often they find no relief, and wonder why. The truth is, said a noted specialist recently, that nine-tenths of us suffer from stomach trouble simply because our tired digestive organs are overworked to such an extent that we cannot assimilate or digest the food we eat.

Magnesia or pepsin will sometimes give temporary relief, but they cannot effect a permanent cure. If you have a feeling of fullness after meals, bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, sour stomach, gas, indigestion, pain in the Colon or Bowels, go to your chemist and get an ounce or two of ordinary carmelum compound, and take from eight to ten drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a gentle, yet invigorating, action on the liver, which is excellent for those who are inclined to be troubled with constipation. The first dose will promptly end the most miserable stomach distress, and in a few days' time your assimilative organs will be toned up and strengthened so that they will perform their work as nature intended. Even a person with a very weak stomach can then eat a hearty meal and digest it without the least feeling of discomfort.

Hundreds of people who have been unable to find relief from the usual old-time stomach remedies have found a permanent cure for their trouble in this simple recipe.—(Adv't.)

THE LAST THING AT NIGHT.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD is invaluable. It warms the body and promotes refreshing sleep. It is more digestible than rice, and will not cause indigestion. Ask your chemist for a 6d. or 1/- tin and try it tonight.

Doctors Recommend It Everywhere.

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD



HOW TO MAKE YOUR NERVES BEHAVE Good Advice for Tired, Nervous Men and Women

When you are run down, out of sorts, tire easily, have lost confidence in your ability to do things, and ambition seems to have deserted you, it's a sure sign your nerve force has run down, and that your nerves need a stimulant to restore to your system its old-time strength and energy, and bring back the good old pep that used to make you famous.

Boots' Cash Chemists and many others of the leading chemists in Great Britain are selling a wonderful nerve remedy called Sargol on a positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. It's amazing how quickly these Sargol tablets tone up the entire system, calm and steady the nerves, and put vim, vigour and vitality into men and women who are lagged out, nervous, despondent and ambitionless.

Thousands testify to their remarkable value in cases of so-called nervous depression, nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, "jumps," "fidgets," and the generally unstrung nerves that come from excessive work, worry, lack of sleep, or over-indulgence in drinking, eating, or smoking. They never fail to benefit. If you are blue, and feel as though you didn't care a hang, or are cross, irritable, and your nerves are right on edge, get a package of Sargol right away. The price is only 2s. 9d. a tin, and one with every meal for a few days, and see what a wonderful improvement they make in your whole nervous system.—(Adv't.)

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that Calox liberates in use which so thoroughly cleans the teeth and makes them so white and beautiful. It is this purifying and vitalising Oxygen which leaves the mouth so delightfully fresh, the breath so sweet, and the teeth so safe against decay.

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Calox Tooth Brush, specially recommended, 1/-.
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BARGE SINKS IN THE THAMES.



As a result of the rapid rise of the river, the barge Tommy Dodd was swamped near Hampton Court. A diver is seen going down to ascertain the amount of damage done.

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 11.)

Fay, who had lain back with closed eyes during the whole of Creswick's outburst, straightened herself suddenly in the chair.

"That's not true, Ashley," she said quickly, in gasping, staccato tones.

"Hold your tongue," said Ashley, snarling round at her. "I didn't ask you to speak."

"But it isn't true," she reiterated. Then, to the surprise of both, she began to laugh softly at first, as if she were trying to check herself, but, as her self-control ebbed away, with louder and louder paroxysms.

"Stop that!" thundered Ashley. In his distorted mind, her curious behaviour seemed to him part and parcel of the brazen contempt with which he was being treated.

With her handkerchief to her mouth, she was convulsed with spasms of what seemed to be uncontrollable mirth. Lionel was quick to appreciate the cause.

"You'd better get her some water," he said; "or, better still, take her away. We can discuss this matter better by ourselves."

Nevertheless, with a superhuman effort, Fay suddenly pulled herself together. "It was so ridiculous," she murmured weakly. Her obvious distress might have softened the heart of the most callous, but it seemed only to heap coals of fire on the flames of Ashley's wrath. He turned once more to Lionel.

"Of course, you'll swear anything," he said, "but do you deny that you sent a message here just now for Fay to come out?"

"Most emphatically I do," replied Lionel. "The idea is preposterous. I was on my way here to talk about a very different matter when I met her at the end of the road."

Ashley glared at him furiously without speaking.

"And," continued Lionel, "now I am here I am going to have that matter out, and I am going to tell you what I think of you. A few days ago I was with Miss Delaval."

"Really?" sneered Ashley. "It's not news to me, and, in any case, the subject is of no interest."

"I am rather afraid it has got to be. I am engaged to be married to that lady."

Ashley laughed. It was a pretence to cover the discomfiture he was beginning to feel. He had an unpleasant sense that he had been making a fool of himself.

"Then," he said, "I'm afraid I can't congratulate Miss Delaval on the faithfulness of her lover."

"Warn you, Ashley," Lionel said quietly, "that my patience has its limits. Listen to me! I said I was with Miss Delaval a few days ago, and I heard from her the whole truth."

Ashley's jaw dropped perceptibly, but he still tried to make a brave show. "You seem to be a connoisseur in truth," he said sarcastically.

"Once for all," said Lionel—and his voice, hitherto so quiet and self-restrained, gathered strength as his indignation threatened to master him—"I warn you to stop your sneers! Miss Delaval told me everything, and I want to know what you are going to do."

"Do!" repeated Ashley with a sudden return of his anger. "I'm going to do what any self-respecting man would do when the happiness of his home has been destroyed by a treacherous snake like you."

"I'm talking of Miss Delaval," said Lionel. "And I am not..."

They were interrupted at that moment by a knock at the door, and Ashley strode across the room with rapid steps to open it. The footman he had just interviewed stood outside.

"Mr. Parker is in the hall, sir," he said, "and wishes to speak to you."

Ashley, without looking round, was conscious that Fay had started suddenly to her feet. An insupportable spasm formed round his mouth.

"Parker?" he said. "Oh, yes, show him in."

He turned to Fay with a leer of indescribable self-satisfaction. "Stop where you are, my dear," he said. "Possibly Parker may be able to throw more light on this."

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

TIPPERARY FAIRY TALES.

"The case reveals the credulity of human nature," said Mr. Wallace, K.C., at the London Sessions yesterday, after listening to the remarkable exploits of Edward David Wagner, described as an Army officer, who was sentenced to six months' hard labour for having obtained money by false pretences from Ernest Field, a jeweller, of Wilton-road, Pimlico.

The case was that Wagner represented that he was a Freemason and could introduce Mr. Field to Sir Pieter Bam and get him initiated.

Mr. Field advanced the prisoner money to go to Tipperary, of which, according to Wagner, Sir Pieter Bam owned the best part.

More money was advanced for prisoner's forthcoming marriage to a "titled lady of Portsmouth."

Sir Pieter Bam gave evidence, and when asked whether he had any property in Tipperary, he replied, "Unfortunately, not," and stated also that he was not a Freemason.

DON'T try to hoodwink yourself.

Don't pretend that your slow thoughts and gloomy outlook are the fault of any influence outside you.

The fault is within you. And you know it.

If you want your daily life to be really enjoyable and useful you can't disregard your liver, your digestion, and the internal system which ought to be eliminating poisonous wastes from your blood.

Drastic pills and morning draughts do more harm than good. They weaken the system by punishing it.

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CURES RHEUMATISM AND DISPELS URIC ACID.

FREE SAMPLE We will send you a full test supply, sufficient to prove its worth, on receipt of letter and 2d. in stamps to cover postage. Address to The Urillac Co., Dept. MR., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

Urillac can be obtained of Boots, Chemists and Stores everywhere. In 1/4 and 2d. 6d., or post free direct.

M.P. WHO WAS "CHIPPED."

Mr. Alan Burgoyne Sued by Inventor for Damages for Alleged Libel.

WHITEHALL 'POSTER PARADE.'

During the hearing of an action before Mr. Justice Lush and jury yesterday, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., stated that Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., had been "chipped" in the House of Commons with regard to a poster parade in Whitehall.

Mr. Alan Burgoyne was sued by Mr. Victor Bridgman, of Chapel-road, West Ealing, an insurance broker, for damages for alleged libel. The statement complained of was contained in a letter written by defendant and published in the *Westminster Gazette* last year.

Defendant admitted writing the letter, but denied that it was defamatory.

The plaintiff's case was that about the time the Titanic was lost he invented a life-saving apparatus in the shape of a cylinder, which, when it was liberated from a boat, provided its own light.

He was anxious to interest public men in the invention, and got into touch with the defendant, a member of the Navy League, who at the plaintiff's request wrote a letter to the effect that he considered the apparatus might be a great boon to merchant ships.

Subsequently the defendant wrote the letter complained of, in which he said:—

"I wrote privately, and not for publication. I desire to state that the inventor has not, and never has had, permission to use my name."

This statement the plaintiff said was libellous, as the so-called private letter was given to him distinctly for publication, and implied that he had been guilty of a breach of confidence and that he had made unauthorised use of a private letter.

Mr. Marshall Hall, opening the case for Mr. Burgoyne, observed that the letter was never meant to reflect upon Mr. Bridgman's honour, and it was never intended to be a libel.

The letter was not given to the plaintiff by the defendant to be used as a broadcast advertisement in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons as it was done.

Large posters to the following effect:—"Read what Alan H. Burgoyne, M.P., President of the Navy League, says about the patent," were paraded in Whitehall on sandwich boards, and Mr. Burgoyne, as the plaintiff said, was subject to a lot of "chipping" in the House of Commons.

Mr. Burgoyne, giving evidence, stated that he was at present a captain in the 17th Service Battalion, Liverpool Regiment. When he saw the model of the plaintiff's invention he expressed considerable admiration of the releasing of the cylinder and the lights, but he did not express his opinion of the invention as a life-saving apparatus because he did not feel confident of being so.

The hearing was adjourned until to-day.

Your happiness and usefulness To-DAY depend on your health THIS MORNING.

Cockle's Pills, on the other hand, give the whole system the gentle, natural help that it needs, encouraging it to do, promptly and thoroughly, the perfect work it wants to do.

But you'll never benefit if you only read about

Cockle's Pills

Keep Your Boys at Home.
Provide for the long evenings: give yourself and the boys a chance to enjoy them by purchasing one of these **RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES**.
Made in every size—a size to suit every room and every size in perfect proportion. Prices from 35/7.6. A handy size is 6ft. 4in. at 52/5.0. Riley's Complete Billiard and Dining Tables from 21/10.0. Cash or easy payments. Prices include all accessories, and free delivery within one mile of nearest railway station to United Kingdom. **Write for receipt of postage and full detailed illustrated Catalogue.** Write for it now! **E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Leamers Works, Accrington, 982, London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate, E.C.**

The New Flavour

H.P. Sauce

is such a welcome change to the old-fashioned kind of Sauces.

A little of this delightful British Sauce should be on your table now. H.P. Sauce is a real war time economy, it gives a delicious flavour to everything, helps to use up anything and wastes nothing.

Large Bottles 6d.



Think of your Complexion

before going out on a boisterous day, think of the after effects of the biting wind and raw atmosphere on it—the discomfort and disfigurement—unless precautions are taken beforehand.

BEETHAM'S
la-rola

applied regularly to the face and hands is the most efficient safeguard against injury to the complexion from keen weather. It prevents and removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, &c., and keeps the skin in perfect condition all the year round.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/- and 2/6.

M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM.

Pale Complexions

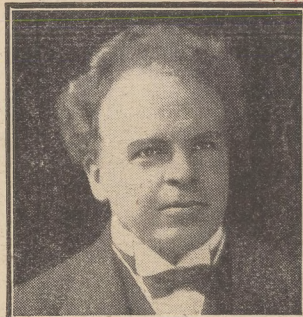
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "la-rola" Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/.

NOT A GURKHA.



Sapper O'Neill, who will box twenty-three minute rounds with Jim Prendy at the Ring, Blackfriars-road, to-night. Soon he will take part in a much greater fight, as he is going to the front with the Royal Engineers.

NOW A GERMAN.



Mr. Frederic Lamond, a Scottish musician, who was obliged to become a German. All his possessions are in Germany, and his wife is a German. He has not lost his accent, despite twenty-five years' residence in the Fatherland.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mid-Antrim's New M.P.

Captain Hugh O'Neill was yesterday returned unopposed for Mid-Antrim.

General Garibaldi Leaves.

General Ricciotti-Garibaldi left London yesterday for Paris, en route for Italy.

Hanged Himself in Prison-Van.

While being conveyed in a police-van to Glasgow Prison, a man hanged himself with a handkerchief.

Death of Bluecher's Captain.

Captain Erdmann, of the German cruiser Bluecher, died in Edinburgh Castle on Tuesday night, as the result, it is understood, of pneumonia and heart trouble.

The Queen in Workrooms.

Queen Mary visited workrooms inaugurated in connection with the Queen's Work for Women Fund at Bridewell House, at Bambergh House, at Hammersmith and at Fulham.

"Removed from the Army."

Temporary Lieutenant Edward H. R. Sharpless is removed from the Army, the King having no further occasion for his services," says an announcement in last night's London Gazette.

Vicar Sent for Trial.

Charged with misappropriating £185 given him for church purposes, and also with obtaining by false pretences £100 from a money-lender, the Rev. J. Whitlam, vicar of Sherburn, Yorks, was committed for trial yesterday at Buckrose.

SPORTSMAN'S CAMP.

Messrs. Hennen and Company, of Quality-court, Chancery-lane, W.C., write to state that Sir Herbert Raphael Bart, M.P., has no interest in the Hare Hall Estate, Gidea Park, on which estate the Second Sportsman's Battalion will encamp. This estate is the property of Major Charles Ernest Castellani, 2nd Essex Battalion R.F.A. (T.), and Major Victor Edward Castellani, 1st Essex Battalion R.F.A. (T.). The Daily Mirror regrets it was misinformed in stating that this was one of Sir Herbert's estates.

WATERLOO CUP COURSEING

Despite the unsettled weather, there was a big crowd at Alcatraz yesterday, when the first and second rounds of the Waterloo Cup were decided.

Sir R. W. R. Jardine's Jawleyford, which became favourite in the morning betting, survived the first day, but Hopkin was unexpectedly beaten by Nio Near in the first round and Bugleman and Harmonicon were knocked out in the second round.

The Grand Duke Nicholas's dog Delver II, did not survive the first round, being easily defeated by Barique, which in turn lost to Telescopon. Nineteen favourites were successful in the first thirty-two courses and ten in the second round. The draw for the third round is as follows:

Mr. M. G. Hales's Happy Challenger v. Mr. Bell Irving's Songstress.

Mr. H. Charles's Balderdash v. Sir R. W. B. Jardine's Jawleyford.

Mr. J. H. Bibby's Junco v. Mr. A. J. Humphry's Hoofed Scill.

Major G. Noble's Nip Near v. Mr. E. V. Rayner's Rataine.

Mr. H. Brocklebank's Brummagen v. Mr. J. O'Sullivan's Talisman.

Sir T. D'war's Winning Number v. Mr. R. H. Whitworth's Talisman.

Mr. C. Brown's Hadfield v. Mr. H. W. Green's School.

Mr. W. Wing's Woolstapler v. Mr. Pope's Dionysus.

LINGFIELD RACES FLOODED OUT.

Lingfield Park racecourse was under water in parts yesterday morning and it was at first decided to postpone the first day's programme and abandon the card set for decision this afternoon. Rain continued to fall, however, and later in the day it was announced that the meeting was abandoned.

VENUE FOR WELLS AND MORAN.

A week ago Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran signed articles to contest twenty three-minute rounds under the N.S. Club rules for a purse of £700, the venue being left over. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Dick Burge entered into an agreement with the proprietor of the London Opera House, Kingsway, for the contest to take place there on Monday night, March 29.

Jim Berry and Johnny Best meet in a twenty rounds boxing contest at the West London Stadium this evening.

The draw for the fourth round of the Amateur Cup is as follows: Ilford v. Hatherage or Harrowby, London Calcutt v. Bishop Auckland, Page Green Old Boys v. Clapton.

Captain the Hon. William Reginald Wyndham, who was killed in action in November, left to the officers of the 17th Lancers £5,000 for the purpose of promoting the interest of sport in the regiment.

"I've been helping Mamma polish the Furniture, but I'm not a bit tired, 'cos I used Mansion Polish, and it makes work so easy!"

Even a child can use

MANSION POLISH

with facility. Quickly, and with a minimum of labour, it imparts a beautiful, smooth lustre to Furniture, Linoleum and Parquet Floors, prevents dust and dirt from adhering, and gives a general air of cleanliness and good cheer to the home.

Tins 1d. to 1/.

Of Dealers everywhere.

Manufactured by The CHISWICK POLISH Co., Ltd.,

Chiswick, London, W., Makers of the Famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

WHAT HEADACHES POINT TO.

When a patient mentions headaches the doctor seeks for the cause, and in the majority of cases finds it in some derangement of the nervous or digestive system. Headache, as is well known, is one of the commonest symptoms of a weak disordered stomach, or exhausted nervous system, and, therefore, one of the surest signs of impure and watery blood. That indigestion, stomach weakness, and nervous troubles arise from a faulty blood supply is proved by the prompt improvement which follows a blood-tonic treatment.

When the blood has been purified, and made strong and refreshing, a new zest develops in the appetite, quickly appreciated by the weak, pale victims of bloodlessness. Then follows a steady improvement in the digestion, with full vigorous nerves; and as the blood becomes more plentiful, good health is restored, with freedom from headaches, nervous attacks and weakness. In time a natural buoyancy of spirits is gained, which is the very spice of life.

The blood-strengthening treatment by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is THE way to disperse headaches, nervous troubles and digestive weaknesses. Obtain these Pills to-day from your dealer, but remember when shopping that substitutes are useless.

FREE. Readers should obtain a free copy of the treatise, "The Nerves and Their Needs." Send a postcard now for a copy to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.—(Advt.)

FARROW'S BANK LIMITED.

Registered under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL £1,000,000

SHARES ISSUED 700,000

SHAREHOLDERS 4,000

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Every Description of Joint Stock Banking Transacted.

CALL OR WRITE FOR SPECIAL BOOKLET AT

Head Office:—

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

75 Branches throughout the United Kingdom. A. H. & Co.



Chest Pains Sore Throat.

Tightness across the chest and sore throat can at once be relieved by applying Sloan's Liniment. It goes right to the seat of pain, warming and soothing the affected parts; the inflammation subsides and the pain, hey presto! is gone!

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Hundreds of people have given their grateful testimony for what Sloan's has done. Mr. J. C. Hart, 140, Southwark Park Rd., Bermondsey, S.E., writes: "My daughter had for some time suffered from tightness of the chest and pain in the back, but one application of Sloan's Liniment gave her complete relief, removing all pain and freeing her from the nasty hacking cough she had. It is a marvellous cure and I consider it is invaluable in any home."

No matter what the pain is, or where it is, Sloan's Liniment is the remedy for it. For relieving Rheumatism, Sciatica, Sprains or Stiffness, it acts instantly. It does not need to be rubbed in, laid on the affected part it penetrates and stops the pain at once. Sold by all chemists 1/4 and 2/3.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

DUNVILLE'S
V R
WHISKY



INSIST ON SEEING "BOTTLED BY
DUNVILLE & CO., LTD.," on
the Capsule and Back Label.

None other Guaranteed Genuine.
Do not be misled by Colourable
Imitations of the Label.

May be obtained from all Wine and
Spirit Merchants, or write direct
for name of nearest retailer to

DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd.,
Belfast or London.

Heroic Work by Our Gallant Troops in Winter War: Pictures

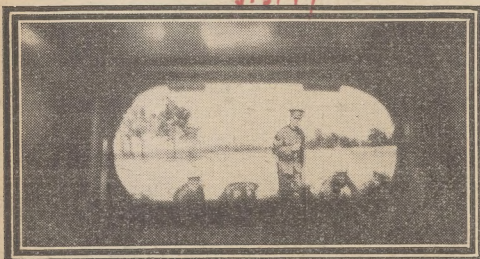
BIRMINGHAM Boy Scouts Build Stables for the War Office: Pictures

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

REMARKABLE Shrovetide Football Match Played in a Brook: Pictures

SEEN THROUGH A PERISCOPE. 9.5177



What can be seen through the periscope. 9.5177



How to see over a high wall.

The military periscope is a most useful apparatus, as it enables men to get a view of the enemy without exposing themselves to rifle fire.

GIGANTIC SIEGE GUN USED BY THE AUSTRIANS. 9.251



Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is one of the siege guns the Austrians hope to use. So far they have been more successful on the retreat, when siege guns would be a decided encumbrance. All that they require is a city or a town for practice. But Russia is quite capable of preventing this. The photograph shows a siege gun in position.

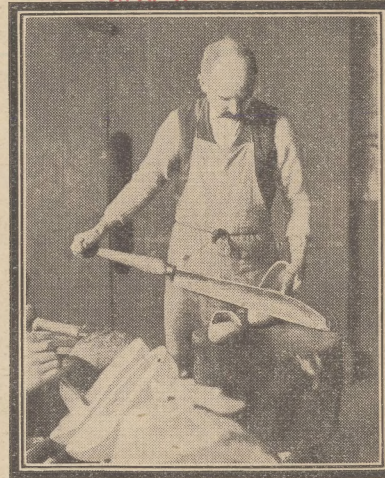
HOME FOR BELGIAN REFUGEES AT STREATHAM: NUNS FROM RUINED MALINES. 9.4911 H



Charles, the pet pig.



Nuns at work in the kitchen.



Busy making sabots.

These pictures were taken at Hill House, Streatham, which has now been converted into a home for Belgian refugees. Among them are several nuns from a convent at

Malines, who have had a large number to cook for every day. Everyone, in fact, finds plenty to do.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)